

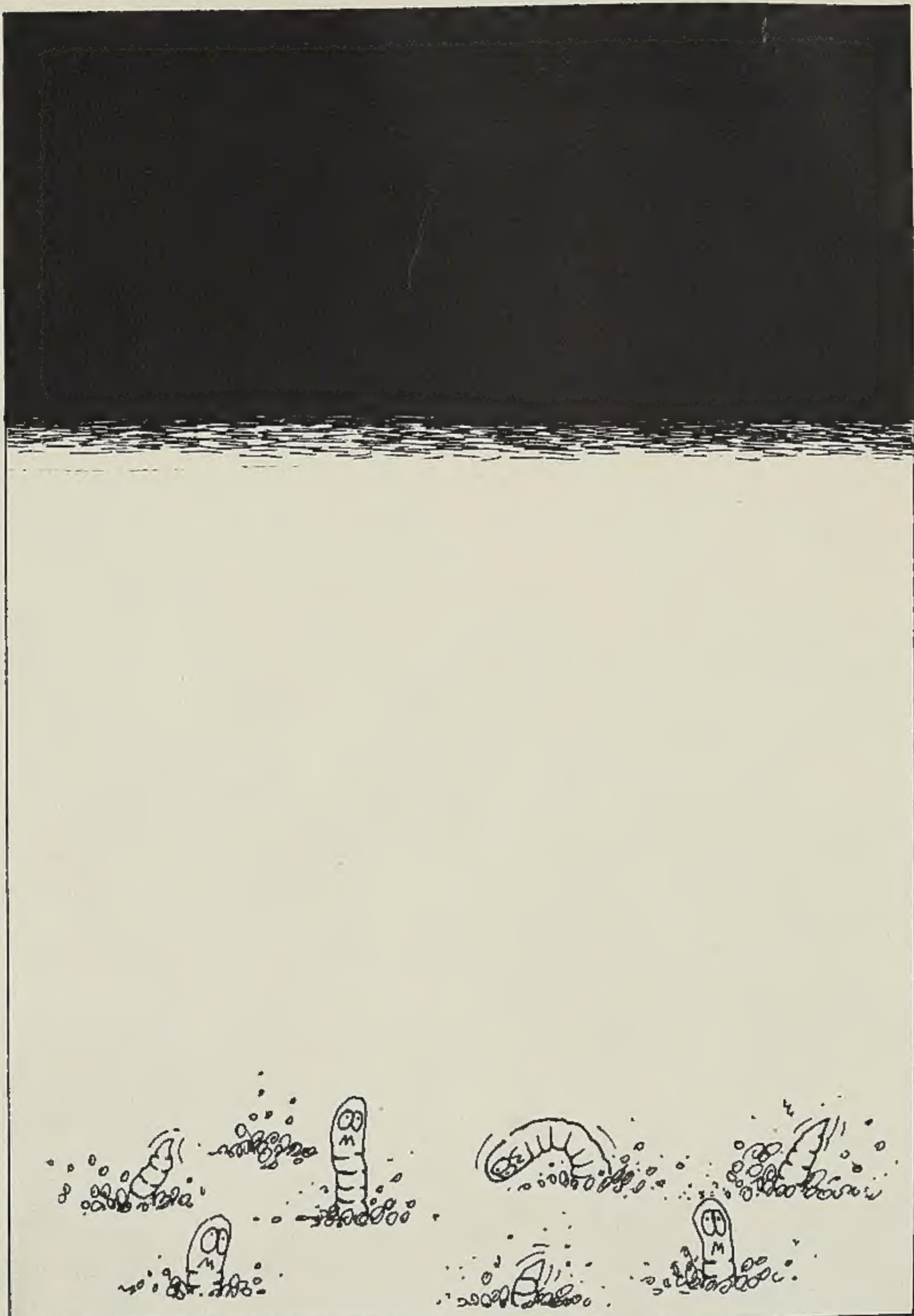
IT 130. 18th. MAY. Price 15p

it

INSIDE!
POSITIVELY JIVE ASS TEEN SPECIAL



BOLAN :WHO NEEDS HIM?



Worms turning. Next issue-Bunnie Rabbits getting ready to vote. Edward 1972 ©



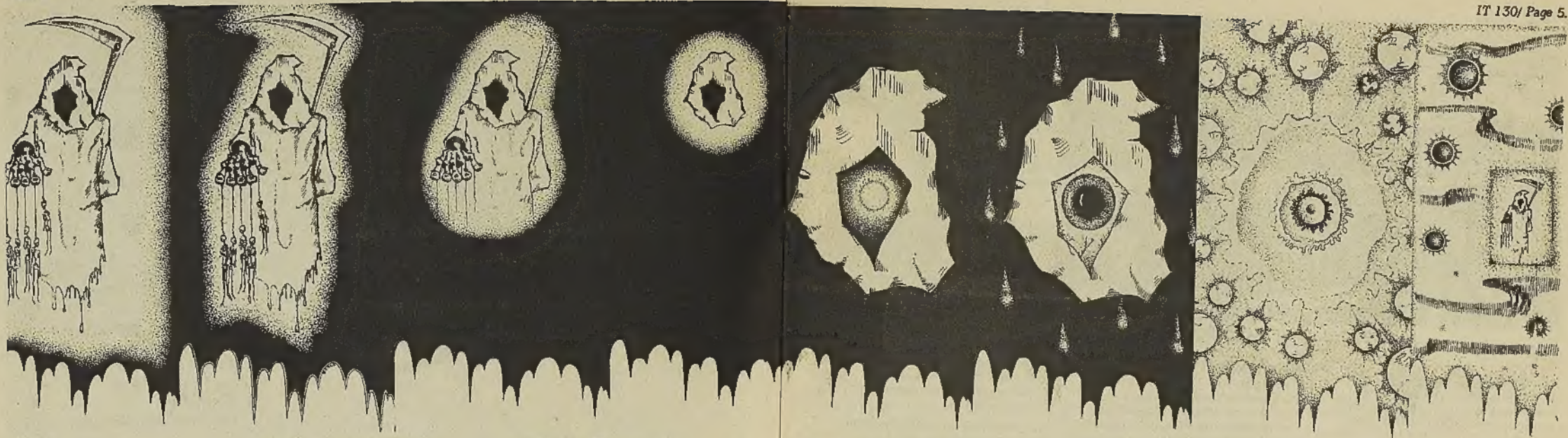
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COVER PHOTO BY CORTAUSNA



Dear IT,

A lot of shit has been written about Ireland in the underground press by people who don't know what they're talking about and Lennon's letter (IT April 6th) beat the lot. I'm a Northern Protestant and though I admit Ulster's been ruled unjustly for fifty years by a group of upper class, bigoted, narrow minded Protestant bastards nobody can ignore the million Protestants here. The idea of sending us all back to England's ridiculous. Catholics deserve Civil Rights but so do the Protestants.

Anybody who knows Ireland, North and South as I do will realise that Northern Ireland is an entirely different country from Southern Ireland. The people, the country, the towns, everything's completely different. We are two separate countries. Also, something most English people don't realise is that Northern Protestants and Catholics are a completely different people from the Southern Irish. The only reason why Northern Catholics want reunification is because it's an alternative to the injustices which they've suffered for fifty years. The

majority of Catholics would be content to live in N.I. if treated right. The majority of Protestants would never go into a United Ireland. The majority of Southerners aren't fussed at all whether Ireland's reunified or not. So a United Ireland is in nobody's interests and a fairly ruled North, preferably by a Community Government, is the best thing all round,

Love,
Irish.

Dear IT,

John and Yoko Ono are stupid; the Civil Rights Movement which gets the loot from their crummy record is only run by the Officials. The Northern Resistance Movement ought to get the money; it's run by the Provisionals, who are much more active, and have far more members. The Officials are stupid too; they shoot at everyone and blow up everything; the Provos almost always stick to British soldiers, the RUC and the Ulster Defence Regiment. It's the Provos that get into the papers, not the Officials. I think John and Yoko Ono ought to check their facts before they pour money away on a stupid

organisation. They got other facts wrong too. People like them do not help achieve a united Ireland.

Yours sincerely,
Ruth Daniel.
28 St. Edmunds Court,
St. Edmunds Terrace,
London N.W.8.

Dear IT,

If I may presume to call you dear, I must strongly complain about your cut-out wings free gift in the last issue. On returning from a night at Bingo I found my son sprawled in the courtyard with a pair of your ridiculous paper wings stuck behind each ear. I can be thankful for only 2 things, firstly that he only jumped from the first balcony and secondly to you for your help in exposing my son as an "Acid Freak".

Yours,
Mrs. V. Beal,
Euston, N.W.1.

Dear Sir,

In your issue No.125 of the 19th of March, 1972, you print a short article on page 11 on the case of Timothy Davey and the scene in Turkey generally.

I wish to begin by sincerely con-

gratulating you on pointing out so clearly and succinctly that Timothy Davey is not the only one,—is not the first and will not be the last.

However, I would like to challenge you on your idea of "a concerted appeal to the Foreign Secretary".

It is only natural in young men and women to want to eat their cake and to have it too. I would suggest that, before going ahead with the idea of an appeal to the Foreign Secretary, you sit down quietly and listen carefully to the music and the lyrics of Jefferson Starship's album, *Blows Against the Empire*. And then to reflect on the following.

It is, Sir, in the very nature of things, impossible to throw away an Empire and to retain the power that Empire confers. There was a time, and not too far distant, indeed when our Foreign Secretary spoke and the world, including the Turkish government, listened. That time is now no more.

I would suggest to you that you forget your idea of appealing to the Foreign Secretary. Instead, I suggest you do the following:

(a) Make a concerted appeal

through all the mass media channels open to you to young men and women in England and elsewhere. This appeal should beg them not to break the laws of any country through which they are travelling. Most countries, nowadays, treat foreign travellers quite differently from their own nationals. It may be possible and easy for a Turk to smoke some form of marijuana in Turkey. *That does not mean that you can.*

(b) If this appeal were sincerely made on a wide scale, *then* it would be easier for you as the Editor of 'IT', than it would be for the Foreign Secretary, to submit to the Turkish Government an appeal for clemency and an amnesty to be granted to all foreign nationals imprisoned in Turkey on charges arising out of the possession or the selling of marijuana.

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely,
John Milne.

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

We have GLF, and Women's Lib, when are we going to have the ALFI? Auto-sex Liberation Front, for those people, who are devoted

to doing it themselves. Masters & Johnson say that the high off masturbation, is often better for some people than hetero-sex. (Or even homo-sex!) But the high cost of materials for maintaining our fantasies, and the pressures by society to make us feel guilty, all need combating. Perhaps we could wear our ALF badges proudly, and meet other quto-sexuals in happy wankerhood!

Power to the Hand!
Oliver Nanne.

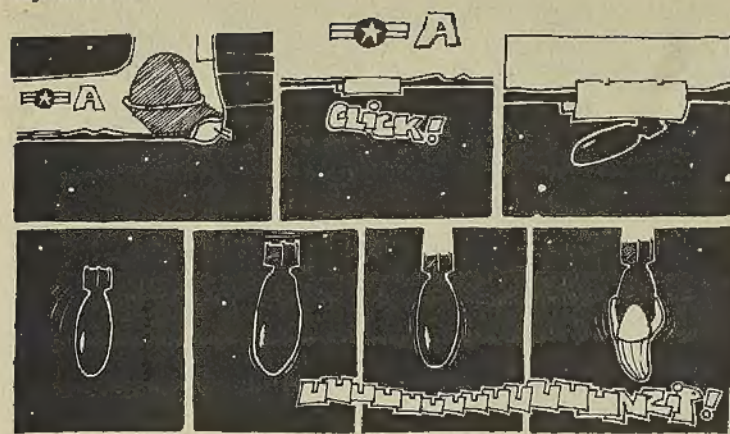
P.S. Not to mention our stand against the Population Bomb!

Dear IT,

Could you tell me if it is possible for me to get from you a poster of Charlie Manson? As I am a loyal fan of his and I collect all I can about him and family! So could you please send me a reply! I've sent a self addressed envelope for your answer.

Thank you, peace,
Yours,
R. Johnson,
53 Woodstock Road,
Forestgate, E.7.

LETTERS



SNOUT MEETS LIP.

Monday May 1st. — the Students Union Annexe, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, was raided by pigs, ostensibly acting under the Obscene Publica-

tions Act. The building houses Leeds Information Point, the Claimants Union, Release, Anarchists Bookshop and is the focal point for other libertarian groups and interests. Several items were removed by the police: pamphlets on Agit Prop and on the Ulster situation; a Gay Lib manifesto — 'Lesbians Come Together'; books by Wilhelm Reich, and of all things, the latest OZ. More important, pigs gained access to the files of LIP., C.U., & Release — obviously the major reason for the raid, a further act of political repression. Nothing removed was in any way pornographic, the only obscenity was the Pig.

The May 1st Committee, representing the people and groups affected by the raid, organised a march to pig headquarters, following a special meeting of the Union. The raid is important not only for the issues concerning libertarian groups & the police, but also as it was the first raid of its kind on any University Union premises. At pig HQ, police agreed to return material in the presence of solicitors & a "responsible individual" representing the parties involved — the President of the Union.

However, there was a split between those who wanted to question the role of the police & Special Branch in the oppression of minorities and those who had just come to get the material returned. Pigs gave no explanation for the raid, no guarantees, would not talk to the crowd. Yet the President was claiming the promised return a

victory. Despite community singing of "Satisfaction" & the Z-Cars theme, & a few hardened desperados smoking grass inches from the pigs, there was no focus of energy and the marchers returned, dispersed. The liberals & the police won out, there was little debate on the core issues, the May 1st committee was let down by the Union bureaucracy.

During the demo, Special Branch cameramen filmed the people with cameras with Yorkshire TV stuck on. Said a YTV man: "We would not use cameras with our name stuck on bits of paper."

A pig on the road said: "We did it because we're afraid of you." — one wonders why, when 300 people are defeated so easily. Maybe there will now be a realisation of the threat of repressive liberalism. And maybe the minorities themselves will change their slogan of "We're all minorities" to "We're all out-laws", when they're treated as such.

The Certified Truth.

FREAKS FOR ULSTER CAMPAIGN — Communiqué No. One.

We will not give up the blue skies of Ulster for the grey mists of Eire.

The Freaks for Ulster Campaign demands a Unilateral Declaration of Independence to make ULSTER the first truly freak society, which will:—

- 1) Legalise cannabis.
- 2) Remove all sexually repressive legislation.
- 3) Abolish traffic from all major town centre.
- 4) Convert all non-essential factory buildings into Psychedelic People's Palaces.

5) Render all violent tendencies in the society impotent by a comprehensive programme of Peace and Love.

Until such times as we are ready to take over complete political and military control of the country, the Freaks for Ulster Campaign will support, by propaganda and non-violent coercion, all efforts to secure Ulster's independence both from the Republic of Eire government and from Westminster, which has clearly demonstrated that it has no love for the cultural heritage we hold so dear.

We are the true sons of William, Prince of Orange, and of the glorious revolution and we pledge ourselves to maintain and defend the Ulster Orange way of life for which our forefathers have fought and died.

Blue skies, green grass and happy trips.

(Good luck lads — Ed.)

DOPE:

A PARCEL addressed to "The Master of the Space Time Warp" was misdirected by the GPO to Jodrell Bank. It was found to contain a book called "Dead Fingers Talk" and 375 milligrams of cannabis resin. The sender, who had thoughtfully remembered to put his name and address on the package, was fined £60.

A WELL ORGANISED police raid on a South-East London pub earlier this month proved embarrassingly fruitless. Twenty officers searched patrons of the "Fortune of War" in Woolwich but were unable to make any arrests. A spokesman for the local White Panther Chapter suggest-



ed two reasons for this disappointing score: 1) The "Plain clothes" officers who arrived earlier in the evening wouldn't fool the most glass-eyed many freak, and 2) We knew about the raid three days in advance anyway. Who's watching who?

MEANWHILE, in Birmingham, Philip Tarmey used to work at Cyclops Sounds, in Piccadilly Arcade. On March 20th, the drug squad called at the shop and seized six packets of cigarette papers. Apparently the police took exception to the packets being displayed in the window — four in all, each showing a different side of the same brand. The inscriptions read: *Space Ranger, 1st Quality, Purest, and CANNABIS*. A month later Phil was charged with "advertising for sale a dangerous drug, namely cannabis, without being duly authorised."

TIM writes from Barnet to warn that the local rozzers are restless. Two weeks ago they raided a house in the High Street and found supplies of the pernicious devil weed. They had a real good time kicking shit out of the hippies, and are planning lots more merry romps.

NEARLY a third of young people using amphetamines started while they were still at school, two London doctors reported after an extensive survey (yawn).

SMOKING DOPE CAUSES WEAVING.

Toronto (UPS): The Ontario Addiction Research Foundation recently conducted a study to determine the effects of regular marijuana smoking. They kept 20 young men in isolation in foundation quarters for 14 weeks,

providing them with as much marijuana as they wanted.

The men spent their time weaving woollen belts, for which they were paid 2 dollars fifty each. They had to pay for everything they used, including the dope.

The amount spent on the grass was small and unchanging, leading the researchers to conclude that the weed is not addictive. The Foundation also noted no decline in the amount spent on laundry, showers and toiletries. There was "an inordinate amount" spent on candy bars, sodas and rich desserts after each smoking session.

The subjects became very good at weaving belts; one earned 4500 dollars during the 14 weeks. Most of the rest earned well over 140 dollars a week.

The foundation has yet to decide what to do with the 30,000 belts that were produced.

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT.

Over 1000 schoolchildren marched last week to County Hall to protest "The Dictatorship of the Headmaster".

The kids, from 15 London schools, handed in a list of six demands:—
No school uniform.
No caning.
No detentions.
Schools not prisons.
No victimisation.
Rules to be decided by the whole school.

The march was the culmination of a week of strikes and walk-outs which spread from initial disturbances at Rutherford School, Marylebone. Steven Finch, secretary of the Rutherford Branch of the SAU

was arrested during a demonstration outside Quintin-Kynaston School, St. Johns Wood, and charged with obstruction and insulting behaviour.

Meanwhile, back at County Hall, a spokesman said that they had been "surprised" by the revolt, "but we are not over-concerned". And Dr. Eric Briault, Inner London's Education Officer, announced that he would be writing to the parents of the children at the schools concerned, pointing out that they were responsible for their child's attendance. It was rumoured that truants might lose good conduct marks.

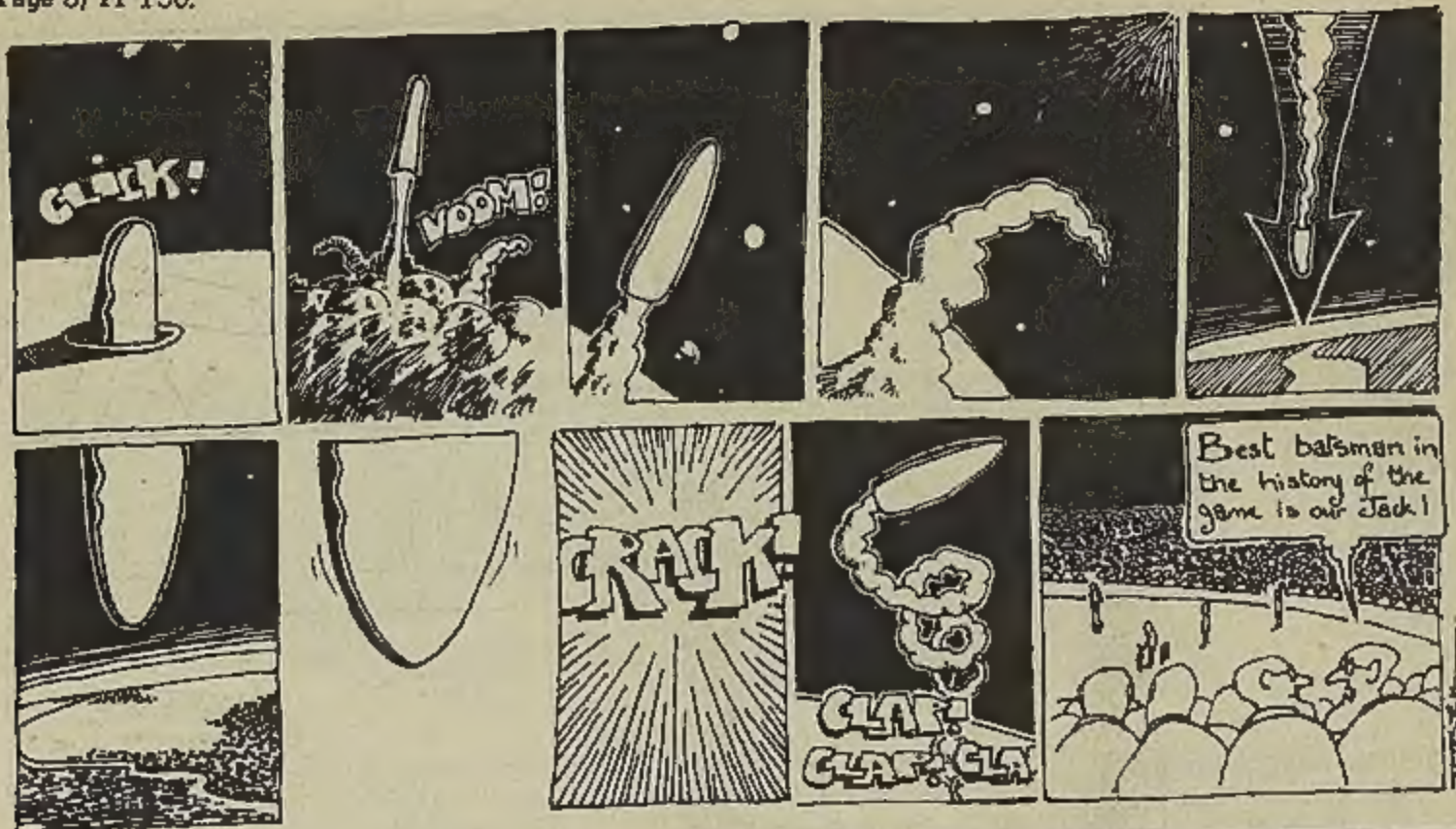
If you think that the Schools Action Union could bring a little fun into your life, contact their National HQ at 9 Beechcroft Avenue, NW11.

VIETNAM VETS WIN COURT BATTLE — JURY WEEPS.

SAN FRANCISCO (UPS): A sign of the times. Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) won a major court victory when 13 members were acquitted of charges arising from an occupation of the South Vietnamese Consulate in San Francisco.

Members of the jury which acquitted the men were weeping when they met the 13 accused after the trial. The foreman of the jury, a retired Navy captain with 25 years service, cried openly as he was presented with a VVAW button.

The jurors had been shattered by the case presented by the former GIs, a defence which placed the entire US military system and policy of genocide in Southeast Asia on trial.



One woman juror said, "After that film, I just went home and cried." The film, shown as part of the defence, was *Winter Soldier*, a record of the Detroit Winter Soldier Tribunal where anti-war veterans detailed their experiences in Vietnam.

The vets on trial also gave personal accounts of what really was/is happening in Vietnam.

Defendant Lee Thorne, one of the original organisers of VVAW, said the trial victory showed "that people are ready to put the war on trial, and find it guilty... The people who run this country better figure that out."

PELLETS OF POISON.

Hundreds are dead and thousands have been afflicted by widespread mercury poisoning in Iraq, caused by a shipment of imported grain seeds coated with a mercury-based fungicide.

The US-manufactured chemical was applied to 80,000 tons of wheat and barley seeds to protect them from fungus attack before planting, but the shipment arrived too late in the season. The seeds found their way to the Iraqi countryside, where they were fed to poultry and live-stock.

The known death toll has now passed 400, and 5,000 have been treated in hospital. Unofficial reports suggest that as many as 50,000 Iraqis may have been afflicted.



Yes, Folks, Mick Farren and Edward Barker have finished their last IT, and are going off to new weirdness after 45 straight issues. As of next week, they will be setting up UP AGAINST THE WALL MEDIA, a problem-solving operation that will be revealed in its full horror during the next month or so. Meanwhile, watch out for their book "WATCH OUT KIDS" which will be published in late June. The lads can be contacted at 164 Lancaster Road, London W11.

Photo: Angela Phillips.



ABORTION

No More Hangers, No More Hooks, No More Doctors' Dirty Looks.

ABORTION ON DEMAND NOW!

Malcolm Muggeridge and his cronies were at it again Sunday. He led 40,000 supporters of the Society for the Protection of Unborn Children in a "silent march of atonement" for all the dead fetuses which hadn't been allowed to come and bring more suffering to the women who didn't want to bear them.

The 40,000 appeared to be mostly day trippers on a church outing, and kids being shepherded along by priests, vicars and hordes of nuns (quite trippy for one sister who had just seen "The Devils" the night before).

In support of their Merseyside sisters, Women's Liberationists from Glasgow to London also poured into Liverpool. Free condoms were being handed out, and advantage was taken of the SPUC's silence to get slogans (*copulate, don't populate/ every child a wanted child/ every*

mother a willing mother — etc.), songs and street theatre loudly across.

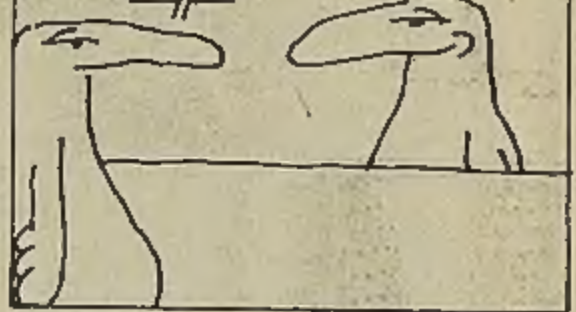
Manchester WL had printed and were distributing thousands of leaflets asking if they thought abortion was wicked (the SPUC wants the Abortion Act repealed) did they prefer unwanted babies, battered babies (11,000 babies battered last year in the UK, 500 died of their injuries), dangerous backstreet abortions, misery and poverty. They stressed the need for free contraception for everyone and if a woman was unwillingly pregnant the right to an abortion.

Although the SPUC supporters showed great care and concern for fetuses, unfortunately this love does not encompass living people, as sisters beaten by brotly-brandishing fanatics and one brother with his head split open can only too painfully testify.

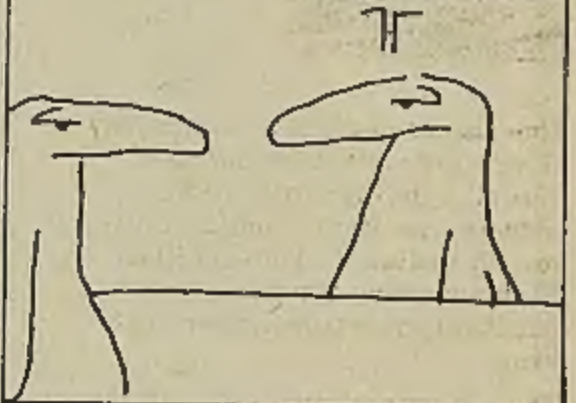
Suzette.

GALACTALITES

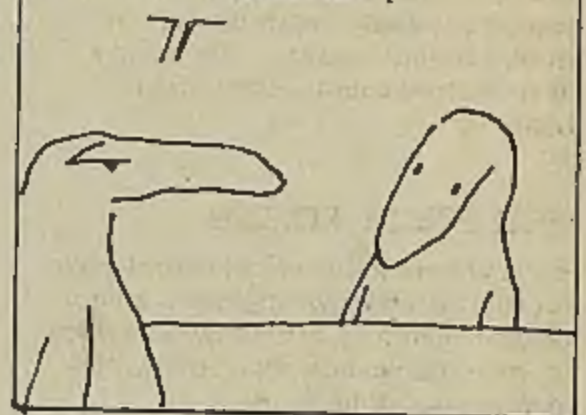
I'VE COME ABOUT THE JOB FOR A COLD CALCULATING THUG



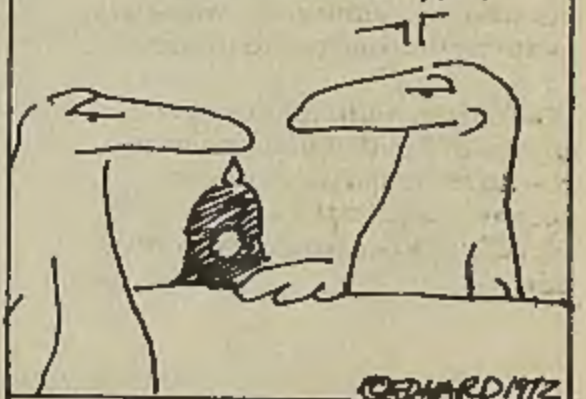
YOUR HIRED! ANY QUESTIONS?



JUST ONE THING. ISNT IT ILLEGAL?



DONT WORRY WE'LL GIVE YOU A FUNNY HAT



EDWARD 1972



OBITUARY

WASHINGTON'S WHOREMONGER IS DEAD

J. Edgar Hoover died this month. He lies in state at the Capitol in Washington. Somehow the world seems empty with his passing. As the world's "top cop", he built quite a reputation, but did you know that he was also the biggest brothel-keeper in Washington? Maybe not a brothel-keeper, but at least a pimp.

Under his direction the FBI used its influence to obtain employment as secretaries certain loose women, who the Congressmen and Senators, employing them, were happy to have in that they fulfilled a need supplying entertainment to visiting VIP constituents from the hinterland. Hoover took advantage of this and placed his own girls in these positions, where they acted as spies on the various members of Congress. That was just one of his cute tricks.

The first time I met J. Edgar Hoover he was having a late night dinner with newspaper columnist Walter Winchell at the Stork Club in New York. That doesn't prove anything, except that I met J. Edgar Hoover.

But now that he's dead, a lot of people in high places are going to rest easy. Hoover spent a lifetime, literally, blackmailing members of the American Congress, Cabinet officials and even Presidents. He had enough dirt on most American politicians to bring down the government any time he wanted. And whenever his authority was threatened, he would wave the big stick of blackmail over that official's head. He did it to Lyndon Johnson, threatening Lyndon with disclosures over the Bobby Baker case unless Lyndon agreed to allow Hoover to stay in office over the mandatory retirement age of seventy. His final payoff on that case came only a short time before he died when he let the United States Board of Parole know that he, Hoover, had no objections to the parole of Bobby Baker from the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Hoover was not only a cop, he was also a prison warden, inasmuch as he kept a very tight control over the United States Bureau of Prisons and its former director, James V. Bennett (Bennett joined the Bureau of Prisons at about the same time as Hoover joined the FBI and their careers ran parallel in Washington from the 1920s through the 1960s).

Hoover had a direct say over the conditions and treatment of men in prison, something he was not entitled to by law. I remember when I was in prison and had volunteered to be a human guinea pig in an experiment against the common cold, and had been accepted by the prison authorities for this experiment, Hoover heard about it and issued instructions that I was to be removed from the project. According to the warden who gave me the news, he said, "He doesn't want you to get any favourable publicity and that's why you can't go".

Hoover also had a little trick of preventing any political prisoner from earning extra good time towards the remission of his sentence. This policy was challenged in the courts and the Justice Department backed down.

But Hoover's dead and the FBI is a happier place. No one's going to replace J. Edgar Hoover. Politicians are not going to let any man ever again acquire that much power. That's why Nixon slotted a political friend into Hoover's office immediately upon Hoover's death. But we should all be sad because we're going to miss J. Edgar Hoover—stereotypes like him are few and far between. He died in the saddle—that's something worth thinking about.

Harvey Matusow

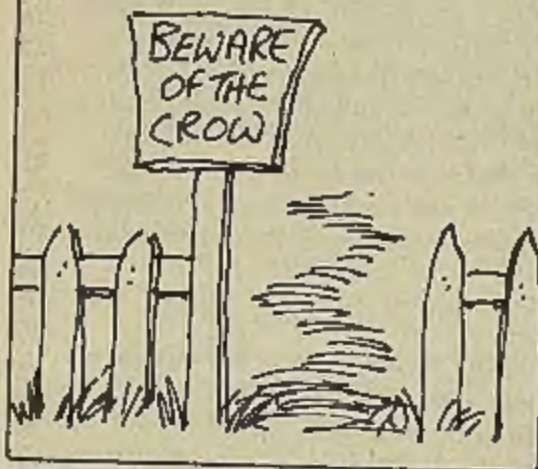
AT LAST!

HOOVER SNUFFS IT

DINOSAUR NEWS

Police say that a mystery drug being passed around on blotting paper among students at Exeter University could kill. *(People)*.

A crow, which shares a house with two dogs, has learned to bark. Its owner, a farm worker living near Pavia, Italy, uses it as a watch dog. *(Sun)*.



A pedestrian, trying to cross a Bronx motorway, was struck by a motorist who did not stop. Fifty more cars ran over his body without stopping before one man phoned the police. The police said they were stunned by the "callous and massive hit and run" and are still unable to identify

the body which was so battered that it was unrecognisable. *(Telegraph)*.

with his wife to the theatre. While they were there the thief pounced again — raiding and ransacking the empty flat. *(Telegraph)*.

Bill Fletcher of Farnborough Hants has invented an electronic apple. It is being used to find out how real apples get bruised en route to shops. *(Sun)*.

A girl who used her pet budgerigar as a reference to open a bank account was sent to Borstal for cashing a worthless cheque. *(Times)*.

I'D LIKE TO
STAND BAIL



Dr. Alfred Conti performed an emergency operation on his wife with a kitchen knife in a restaurant, but failed to save her. A piece of steak had stuck in her throat, the police reported. *(Times)*.

Fifty-three out of every hundred Italians have insomnia, says a survey. *(Sunday Mirror)*.

When an electronic organ in an Oslo Church accidentally picked up an air control tower, thirteen miles away, the congregation heard, half way through the hymn "Nearer My God To Thee" a voice booming: "Get ready for take off". *(People)*.

An oil company in the United States has announced the end of a massive seven year research project — said to have cost between 23 and 39 million pounds — aimed at finding a new name: now "Humble Oil & Refinery Co.", the US home branch of Standard Oil of New Jersey, becomes "Exxon". *(Evening Standard)*.

An "Electronic Orange" has been produced by a firm at Scarborough Yorks. It flashes an orange light when pop groups play too loud — and can even switch them off. *(Sun)*.

In 1970 in America more than 1,900 people killed their mates (one eighth of all murders) and marital fights account for a fifth of all police deaths and 40% of police time lost because of injury. A marriage counsellor here says that Americans live in a culture that breeds frustration and pressure, and violence results because couples don't know how to handle anger. But they are, it seems, willing to try to learn. Psychologist George Bach has written a book called "The Intimate Enemy" that is almost a manual on how to brawl without the assistance of ash trays, telephones, beer cans (the most common weapon) or more lethal equipment. It tells couples how to fight verbally instead of physically and has sold more than 500,000 copies. *(Daily Mail)*.

After stealing a car parked in a Valencia street, the thief returned it the next day, clean and with a full tank of petrol. Inside were two complimentary tickets for a theatre & a written apology explaining that the car had been taken in an emergency. The owner withdrew his complaint to the police and went

A couple at South Charleston, West Virginia were married this weekend in a funeral home. They considered it the most appropriate background since the bridegroom is studying to be an undertaker and the bride writes obituaries for the local newspaper. *(Telegraph)*.

Five young men in Lodz, Poland, who were recently convicted of using drugs and falsifying prescriptions, were sentenced to wash municipal buses and trams so that they could be viewed as "objects of public scorn". *(Times)*.



An Ethiopian worker walking along the street remarked to a friend, "It is a rotten government." A member of the security forces passing by grabbed him and barked, "You are under arrest." "What for?" demanded the worker. "Because you said it was a rotten government." The worker protested, "I never said which government." "No good," replied the agent, "There is only one rotten government and you know it."

(Peace News).

A.J. CLEANS UP WEBERMAN BEATS UP PHILSPECTOR

By A.J. Weberman: Minister of Defence: Rock Liberation Front.

"Klein come clean/Where's the buck fourteen?" & "You'll wonder where the money went/When Klein runs a charity event" shouted 20 sign-carrying members of the Rock Liberation Front as they marched in front of Beatle Manager Allen Klein the Swine's plush offices at 1700 Broadway. Some RLFers were carrying bushel baskets of rotten apples, tomatoes and lettuce in order to implement their organisation's FREE FOOD FOR STARVING MUSIC EXECS PROGRAM which was based on the assumption that if Klein and Co. had to rip-off the starving people of Bangla Desh for bread they must be a bunch of hungry motherfuckers.

This RLF action was inspired by an outside agitator — Rolling in Shit Tone editor Peter McCabe, who, about a week before the demo, had pointed the finger at Klein & Co. in an article in New York magazine. The piece concerned the rather obvious fact that the cost of the Bangla Desh Concert Benefit Album was highly inflated and implied that ABKCO (Klein's Co.) was pocketing 1 dollar fourteen per album sold — and considering the LP would probably sell 3 million copies, that wasn't chickenfeed.

McCabe broke the costs down on the "non-profit" disc this way: (roughly) 3 dollars to produce and distribute it etc... 1 dollar fourteen profit to Klein; 25¢ to Columbia for Bob

Dylan's appearance and 50 cents to be split between the writers and publishers — 3 million discs sold — 6 million bucks of non-profit.

A few days after McCabe's story hit the streets Klein called a press conference in his office on Monday February 28. He made sure that the underground press was notified, because the McCabe article had accused him of excluding the UP from other conferences. Allen's big boo-boo was sending a telegraphed invitation to the NY ACE, since they tipped the RLF to what was happening. Five RLFers showed up on Monday, including Ann Duncan, Minister of Art, Frank R., Minister of Information, two photographers and myself.

After casing the place and finding that everything worth stealing had been removed, we began to listen to Klein do his thing; that is, lie like a motherfucker. "I didn't make a cent; in fact we actually lost money on the disc. We did it for the starving people of Bangla Desh. I'm gonna sue New York magazine for 1½ million." He came up with some real winners — 75¢ apiece for the box and booklet — although he produced a million units of each and this price did not include colour separation. Repayment of the cost of the concert which he had originally claimed would come from the profits he made on the movie — 1 dollar. Then about 20¢ an LP to Phil Spector for studio (it was recorded live) and mixing costs — multiply that by 3 million and you've got ¾ million smackeroos going to Phil who already is worth twice that.

In the middle of all this bullshit Spector wobbled in and began a superindignant riff about how the press was trying to do a number on his righteous employer. When a straight

reporter dared to question Klein he was met with obscenities from Phil who soon challenged him to a fist fight... but just as the guy was about to slug Spector, an ABKCO heavy moved in and grabbed him.

Then Ann began to cross-examine Klein — "How are we supposed to take your word on these figures — are we going to believe capitalists?" Phil went over to her and began to harass her. Ann moved somewhere and Phil followed her, then began to literally step all over her. "YOU SWINE," Ann screamed and Spector couldn't believe his ears — "Did you hear what she called me?" he demanded of everyone.

Meanwhile I began to grill Klein about what I believed to be the album's inordinately high production costs — "You sure you ain't gettin a kickback from the printers, A? Maybe on the next deal they don't charge, eh?" "Go back to the garbage can!" yelled Phil. "Go back to the 50s Spector" I retorted.

"Why don't you sell some more hotdogs in front of Dylan's house, Weberman?" he whined. That fool. Accusing me of selling hotdogs with Al Moronowitz in the same room. (It was the Post's pop columnist who passed out the franks! — ed.). Finally Klein told me to shut up 'cause I know nothing about business. Argument by expertise.

Then a Capitol Records exec, who was there to deny some info given "by mistake" by a Capitol VP to McCabe, pinned

the press release regarding the upcoming RLF action against ABKCO. This dude recognised me from the time we picketed Capitol over their refusal to press the Bangla disc at cost. I had told him we were holding a tribunal for his company downstairs and they'd better send their best attorney or else we'd have to assign them a legal aid lawyer who would plead 'em guilty. He didn't dig my humour. He showed the release to AK who said "I think it's time to show Mr. Weberman out." Suddenly 2 of his heavies came out of the woodwork and grabbed me. I broke loose and shoved one toward the window. If not for a ledge in front of it, he would have gone thru it — then 40 flights down.

Meanwhile Phil had grabbed Ann and was holding her up against a wall by the throat yelling "Call your man off, those are feds he's fighting. Call him off or else I'll karate chop you in the throat." And this is the man that YOKO ONO, author of *Sisters Oh Sisters* hires to produce her records?

Finding Ann intractable, Spector came over to me and announced he was gonna do the job the heavies had failed at. I grabbed him by the collar, then slapped his face. "The next time I hit you, capitalist scumbag it'll be a punch in the nose AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SNORT COKE AGAIN!"

Then I felt this tremendous hand clasp around my wrist and a big dude pulled us apart. Four more heavies appeared and they escorted me out peacefully... up until Phil came from behind screaming how he was gonna do me in. I tried to break loose again to "waste the motherfucker" when the Capitol exec flipped. "We gave you the opportunity to go quietly but you wouldn't take it," he screamed. Then he turned red, unsuccessfully attempted to knee me in the groin and took a karate chop on the neck. "We saw you hit him," yelled Klein's heavies as if they were gonna take me to court and were getting their testimonies together early.

Eventually they shopped me in the elevator and I waited downstairs for Phil. After ten minutes of shadow-boxing the weasel appeared—he tried to come at me but his bodyguard held him back. After some half-hearted attempts to elude his employee/captor I went over to him and called him a chicken. He answered, "You're nothing cause you can't afford the luxury of hiring people to protect you." I told him Amerika also hires mercenaries in Vietnam. Then he told me that I shouldn't go after stars. "Are you kidding man, that's my specialty."

We came back a few days later, picketed, then went up to ABKCO, losing the cops who were supposed to keep us out. We threw a lot of rotten lettuce and tomatoes all over the front office but some RLF dummy forgot to bring the salad dressing—he'll be purged next week. Tom Zippie was also up there, after fighting Allen Klein himself to gain admittance, and was being accosted by someone or other. I punched Tom's attacker a few times screaming "LET HIM GO—WE NEED HIM FOR MIAMI" and convinced him that he was messing with a very valuable dude. The scene was reminiscent of the Rolling Stone office takeover where I had to threaten to hit someone over the head with a chair if they didn't release Tom Z since Abbie had first nibs. Things calmed down and I asked to speak with Allen Klein. "What for?" one asked. "We came to pick up the three million dollars," retorted Tom in perfect deadpan. "What are you gonna do with it?" they asked. "What are YOU gonna do with it?" Tom replied. "We're gonna give it to UNICEF," I chimed in. Then Al Steckler, Apple PR man, came running in, looking like a typical corporate hippie and screamed—"WHAT ABOUT THE MOTHERS?" I thought to myself—the mothers of invention? the motherfuckers political group? What? He continued—"WHAT ABOUT THE MOTHERS OF THE CHILDREN WHO'LL DIE CAUSE YOU'RE DISCOURAGING PEOPLE FROM BUYING THIS ALBUM?" I told him that he was the one who was helping to steal the money by working for Klein then turned to Tom for a second when Steckler, who's about 6 ft., 200 lbs., takes the opportunity to swing at me. Luckily Gabrielle Zippie and Coca Crystal Zippie indicated I should duck, which I did, then I came up swinging and laughing and landed one on Steckler's face. He began to scream "I'LL KILL HIM!" His fellow execs told him to split—he did a double-take at me standing there ready to fight and the cameras rolling, then split. (It only took a fraction of a second for his "murderous rage" to subside.). The cops moved in and it was either leave or take a bust. We left.

NBC-TV gave us relatively objective coverage that night and a lot of other media will probably pick up on the action—but don't expect Rolling Stone to mention a word about it. All and all we accomplished what we came for.

Now it's time for others to speak out. Self-proclaimed radicals John and Yoko should either come out for or against Klein. The sidekick, Jerry Rubin, should make a public statement too. As should Bob Dylan regarding the twenty-five cents Columbia is getting from each album. He's willing to make a public squawk over Scudutto's book by going to the Voice office but not about the Bengalis getting ripped off. The mark of a shallow egotist.



FLY TWA?

DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN; PLEASE HELP ME DECIDE WHETHER TO FLY ON A T.W.A. AIRCRAFT. I REALISE THAT A PUBLIC BOYCOTT IS JUST WHAT THESE COMMUNISTS WANT. JUST WHAT ARE THE RISKS? *WILLIE ROSS, BURLINGAME, CALIF.*



ANS. I UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEM WELL. IF THE PUBLIC IS FRIGHTENED AWAY FROM TWA FLIGHTS RADICAL MOVEMENT WILL HAVE A POWERFUL WEAPON TO USE IN THE FUTURE. BIG BUSINESS WOULD BE VULNERABLE TO EXTORTION BY ANY CLEVER RADICAL GROUP. HOWEVER I FEEL THAT I CANNOT WRONGLY FULLY INFORM MY READERS THAT FLYING ON A T.W.A PLANE IS SAFE.

THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY MANIACS IN THIS WORLD AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES ARE TOO READILY OBTAINABLE FOR ME TO COUNSEL USING THIS AIRLINE. I PRUDENTLY SUGGEST ACCEDING TO ALL COMMUNIST DEMANDS *German*

JESUS DIED FOR OUR SINS... DON'T LET HIM DROWN

STONED FOR LIFE



WITH THE RECENT POPULARITY OF PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY, FOR THE "PERFECT HIGH" AMIDST THE DRUG CULTURE, I FIND IT NECESSARY TO RESTATE RALPH NADER'S FINDINGS THAT "AN ALARMING 73% OF ALL STREET LOBOTOMIES ARE ACTUALLY TRACHEOTOMIES OR TONSILLECTOMIES. HOWEVER I DISCOUNT ALL POSSIBILITY OF GENETIC DAMAGE."

BUYER BEWARE!

DEAR MR. YOSSARIAN; R. MELTZER SAYS THAT JANIS JOPLIN BALLED JOE NAMATH. IS THIS TRUE?

ANS. I HAVE NEVER FOUND ANY OCCASION TO DOUBT MR. MELTZER'S FACTS. I TRUST THE MAN IMPLICITLY. I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME. MELTZER'S INFORMANT ALSO SAYS THAT JANIS KICKED JOE OUT OF BED. BUT THIS IS ONLY HEARSAY AS THE FILM QUALITY IS QUITE POOR. IN THE FUTURE I HOPE TO DEAL IN HIGHER MINDED SUBJECTS THAN JUNKIES AND JOCKS!

JOPLIN & NAMATH?



NEXT!

SMEGMA OAGNE

WHO'S BEST

JACK ANDERSON'S REPUTATION AS A FACT FINDER IS BUILT ON MYTHS. I THROW AWAY MORE FACTS THAN THAT CUNT-FACED FAGGOT HAS THE BALLS TO PRINT. REMEMBER, ONLY THIS FEATURE COMES WITH THIS GUARANTEE!



IT'S GOOD AS ANY GUARANTEE IN AMERICA

WITZ YOSSARIAN/AVIUM PRESS

PRIORITY SLUR OF THE WEEK

QUEST: WHAT DO YOU CALL A RICH PUERTO-RICAN?

ANS. THE POPE



IF YOU FOUND THE LEAST BIT OF HUMOR IN THIS GROSS BIGOTRY, YOU ARE A RACIST PIG! COME THE REVOLUTION YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

For Peter & Paul



WHAT A SHIT WAY TO SPEND EASTER!

ALTHOUGH I FEEL THAT ALL JUDEO-CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS ARE MERELY SUPERSTITIOUS FAIRY-TALES, ARRIVED AT BY SAVAGES AT THE DAWN OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT; IN THE INTEREST OF BROTHERHOOD I FEEL I SHOULD MAKE THIS GESTURE.

ALTHOUGH ANY POSSIBILITY OF SUCH CRETINS FORMULATING A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, AND MORALITY; FIT FOR OUR SOCIETY WITH ITS MIRACLES OF ASS-WIPE PAPER, AND F.M. RADIO, IS LUDICROUS; AND FORGETTING MY CONTEMPT FOR RELIGIOUS PERSONS I HEARTILY WISH MY CHRISTIAN READERS

A HAPPY EASTER

John and Yoko found an unexpected ally in Mayor Lindsay, who has written to the authorities stating that the deportation order served on the Lennons is "a grave injustice". If John and Yoko have to split they'll lose all chance of finding Kyoko, Yoko's daughter by her first marriage to Tony Cox, who whilst harbouring Kyoko is nowhere to be found. The Lennons were recently given custody of her but a condition was that they remained in the States. Also recently formed is the National Committee for John and Yoko headed by artist John Hendrix (no relation to Jimi). He's quite right in thinking that the authorities want John and Yoko out because of their "anti-war stand, their ability to affect the thinking of youth, and their support of unpopular beliefs"...

That "Flash" album with that cover has been banned in certain southern parts of the States.... Alice Cooper's last concert in New

York managed to get all rock acts banned at the Town Hall. This, because the chicken feathers fucked up the ventilating system. Alice, himself, paid for the damage, but this did not affect the management decision...

It's no good looking in the papers to see if the Stones play at Lincoln. One of the conditions stressed by the group is that if they do the gig there's no advance publicity, they'll just turn up. Well, after Bickershaw, there's gonna be a lot of people not too intent on going to Lincoln unless they see the Stones listed in black and white.

Charles Shaar Murray appears to blame his naturally offensive manner on speed. Oh boy, Cosy back in town claiming that BOAC lost all her baggage in a plane wreck. Caroline Coon paranoid about the possibility of Germaine (what's up Doc?) Greer replacing her in the affections of Family manager Tony

Gourvish... Huw Price lost his voice hassling at Bickershaw...

CENSORED

Wick'n Ed escaped arrest for D&D because cop was a loyal *Nasty Tales* fan. Outraged groupies at Bickershaw bitched because security wouldn't let them on stage. Possibility of Terry Stamp playing Ogoth in forthcoming movie.

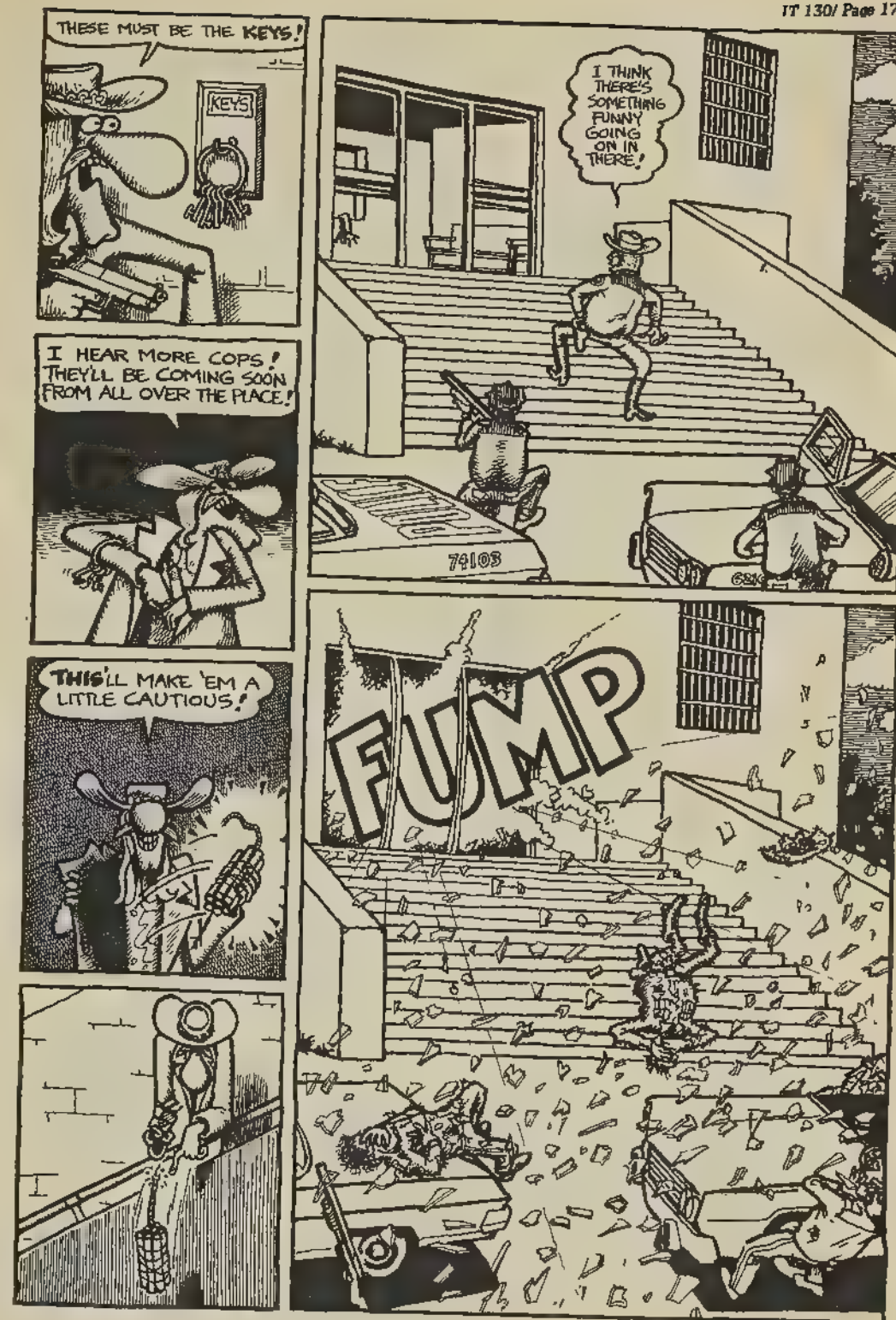
Sam Cutler (Mr. Altamont) now roadie for Grateful Dead refusing to speak to old working partner Dave (the Boss) Goodman... Who says carrots and Pepsi Cola is a balanced diet? Roll on the alpha wave generators.

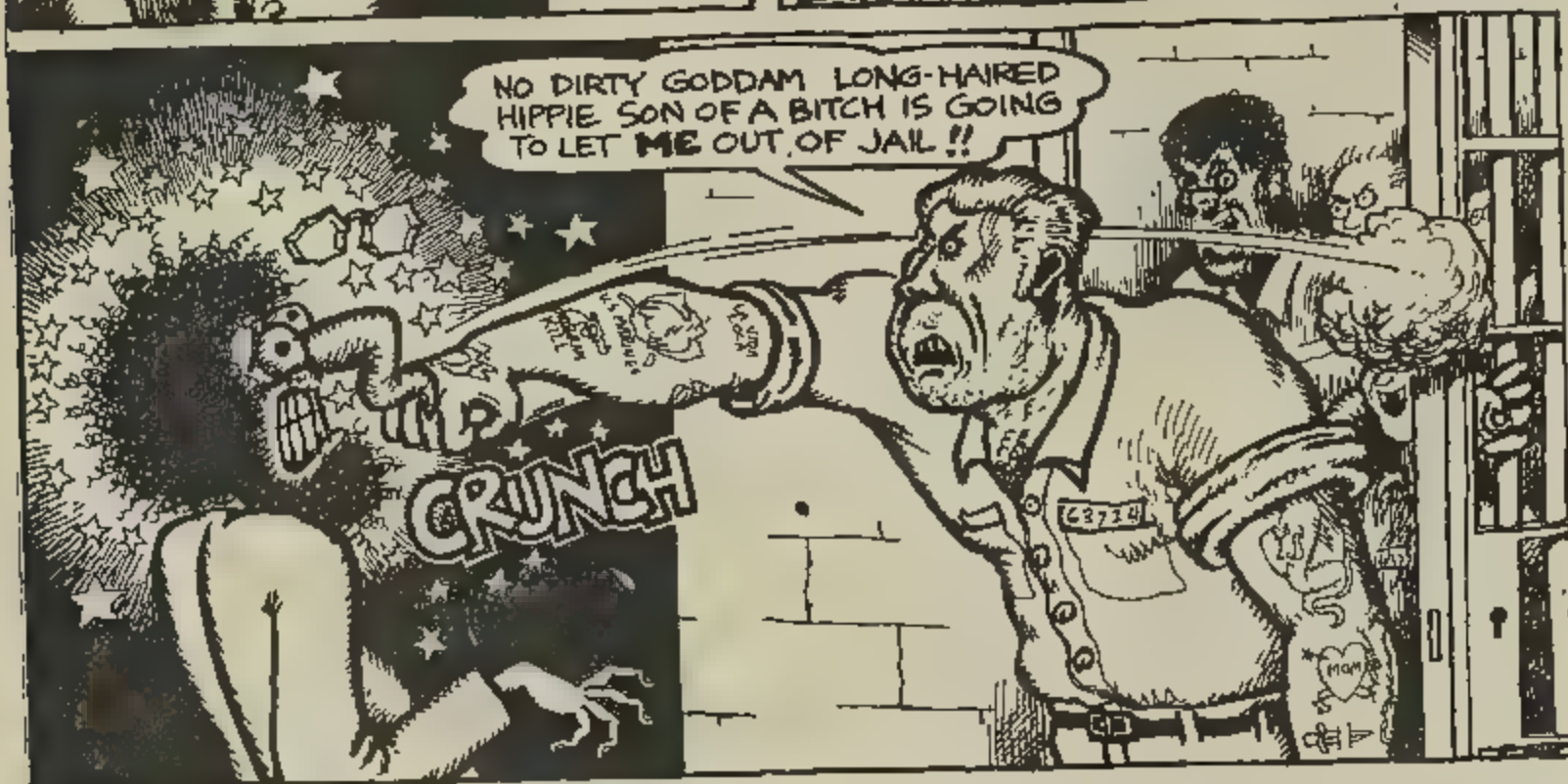
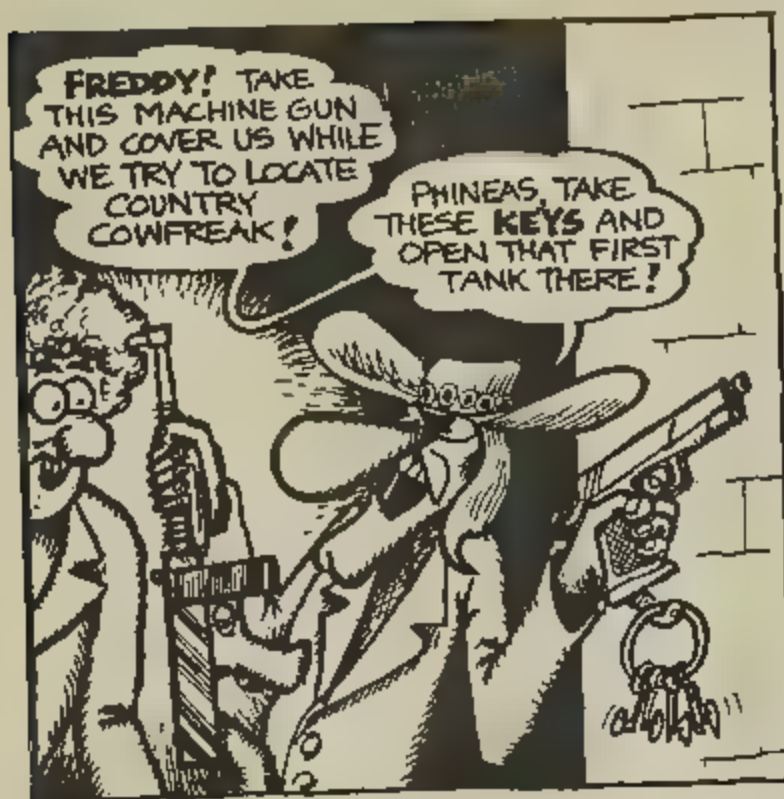
There are rumours of a new drug that will reduce your I.Q. by 50%... Tony Howard of NEMS refused to leave London for Bickershaw before he was guaranteed a colour TV in his hotel room to watch Cup Final.



FURRY FREAK BROS. SHOOT OUT AT THE COUNTY SLAMMER. PART THREE.

Franklin, Phineas, and Fat Freddy, armed to the teeth, storm the county jail to rescue Country Cowfreak, who has been busted with large quantities of dope. In the ensuing gunbattle, the brothers slay a number of peace officers. . .





BUNNE

WINNIES

©EDWARDZ





RODDY KENTISH

jailed for being black

One of the curious aspects of the Anglo-Saxon predilection for *civilised* behaviour, is the way non-English habits, such as talking loudly, gestulating passion, (waving the forefinger is offensive behaviour in Law), and laughter even is viewed with deep suspicion.

The Irish is jailed for being drunk, and the West Indian for a multitude of non-British habits in other words black habits. This British arrogance is at present wondrously displayed—the climate of 'liberal' opinion is now so far to the right, that no attempt to conceal the oppression of minorities, living in this country, or majorities, subjected elsewhere—is now made.

The national obsession, (an image of all non-English peoples as targets for the psychopathic expression of the nation)—is manifest in the case of Roddy Kentish, arrested in 1970 for taking part in a demonstration, against police brutal assault on black people. Roddy did not attend that march; it was proven

at the Old Bailey in the main trial of the 'Mangrove Nine'. He was attending a meeting at the time, and the members of that meeting, gave evidence on his behalf.

Roddy Kentish is an African/Jamaican. He is by temperament a true example of a man of his culture. He is exciting, alive, creative, uninhibited, thoughtful and patriotic to his culture his people, and himself. In short in my view as a black man, a very cultured and civilised man, despite the social, economic, and spiritual persecution black people and Roddy have been subjected to in this England. Roddy was charged as a result of a warrant to arrest someone (the warrant did not carry Roddy's name), from Sidney's Garage in St. Lukes Mews, in Notting Hill; Roddy ended up being charged with *attempted murder*.

This charge was dropped at the Old Bailey on April 1, during his Trial in April for *attempted murder*, in favour of assaulting a police officer! Judge Melford Stevenson sentenced Roddy to one-and-a-half years, in jail.

Now what is this assault? According to the Prosecution Roddy as good as 'throttled' the life out of the officer, and the police doctor, predictably agreed with this vicious image, planted in the mind of the Jury.

This sentence of one-and-a-half years holds *great* implications for black people living under the jurisdiction of British Law, and cultural influence. It begs the question, If I cannot get annoyed, when a policeman comes to arrest me without my name on his Warrant Card. If I cannot express my annoyance with the harrasing and prejudiced victimisation of black people by racist police men... if I cannot show my annoyance within the psychic expression, that is essential to my spiritual understanding as, a man, and an African... then the Anglo-Saxon is attempting to claim the right to decide the make-up and nature of my very being.

Roddy Kentish was convicted of assault because he acted, and reacted, 'emotionally', in the face of determined, and calculated harrasment. He spoke in his normal manner—loudly, he swung his hands about, a typical black act; displayed in joy, sorrow, when under pressure, when annoyed—but never, Oh never in Anger. Therefore the whole case brought by the police, and the prosecution at the Old Bailey for which Roddy Kentish was sentenced is a massive Culture Lie. It is a Fabulists conception.

I wonder if it is because of Roddy's obvious appearance, why the police felt so confident in charging him with attempted murder? However, whichever way it is looked at, it is *Englishness* charging *Non-Englishness*!

This is cultural oppression at a very basic level. If this degree of hate can be upheld by law, then— which black man or woman alive can have the slightest respect, for the law or the people responsible to and for this law.

Roddy Kentish should therefore be released from jail because he has been falsely imprisoned. The legal process must be made to function in the interest of all the cultures represented in the peoples of different origins who live in these islands. Courtney Tulloch

ITMAIL!

RECORDS

ITMAIL regrets that due to increased prices from our suppliers, from this issue, all bootleg prices are increased by 25p.

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Forty Red White & Blue Shoestrings
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Gravel, and more

BOB DYLAN £2.50 + 10p p&p
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An early Dylan bootleg, unduplicated, with 25 minutes on each
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JIMI HENDRIX £2.50 + 10p p&p
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near the microphone. inc: Red House, Tomorrow Never Knows
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With one electric side and one acoustic, inc: Guinevere, Birds,
Judy Blue Eyes, Sea of Madness, Down by the River and more

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tracks)

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In Concert £2.50 + 10p p&p
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Silver Surfer (full colour) 50p + 10p p&p
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"This is virgin territory for whorehouses" Al Capone on the suburbs.

"Killed after death, like a bandit by the police" Corsican proverb.

"In 1929 my army was mainly composed of soldiers, bandits, robbers, beggars and prostitutes" Mao describing the beginnings of his Red Army.

In the United States, two-thirds of all arrests take place among 2% of the population. It is within this small percentage that a baby is four times more likely to die in infancy, where the death rate is 25% higher and life expectancy 10 years shorter. In these twilight zones drug addiction and alcoholism are rife. The few badly-equipped schools are unable to do anything more than attempt to keep some form of discipline together. The children are not taught, they are controlled and contained.

From these ghettos comes that all-American culture hero, the Gangster. The Man in the Sharp Suit. The Outlaw Man who walks the streets alone. The Outlaw has no friends, but many people step aside to let him pass by on his lonely road. The Outlaw Man has the biggest car and the most flamboyant woman (but not necessarily the most beautiful).

The real gangster may well be a brutal vicious killer with no heart and limited intelligence. This article is about the Gangster as he is idealized and mythologized in the myths of the people. In folklore the glamorous killer is transformed, like the tinsel star on the top of the Xmas tree he glitters and shines. In the imaginary world of Superman, fast cars, and impossible adventures, the Gangster strides arrogantly through his cowed and subjected empire. Cast aside and examined in the clear light of reality he becomes as tawdry and cheap as the Xmas tinsel. Poor, sad man, there is neither forgiveness nor compassion for the fallen hero.

The Gangster is the urban equivalent of the Social Bandit. Before the great megapolis became reality there were, in every culture and every time, peasant outlaws. On the

whole these men (and occasionally women) were regarded as criminals by the State and as heroes by the people. The early bandits can quite clearly be seen as the forerunners of the modern resistance groups, the liberation fighters and guerilla bands. In fact the Social Bandit may be a necessary step in the evolution of revolution - marking the approach of the end of an historical cycle, reflecting social change, heralding the rise of new classes based on different social structures. For the Social Bandit fights not for change, but for the preservation of justice in the 'old order'. He doesn't want to overthrow the State so much as to overthrow the local oppressors. In fact many Social Bandits, from Robin Hood onwards have shown themselves to be loyal and devoted servants of their King. The Social Bandit is still attached to traditional values, and this can be seen in the Urban Gangster with his reverence for his family, and in particular his love of his mother. The Gangster takes his rigid code seriously. Almost all the Prohibition Gangsters were second generation American, usually Sicilian, Irish or Jewish. All these races have age-long traditions that have to be respected. Many things could be forgiven, but to break away from family life with all its intricate codes and subtle nuances, was impossible.

The Social Bandit is distinguished from the common criminal by the admiration and support extended to him. To win this sometimes grudging admiration, there are generally certain conditions that the aspiring cultural hero must fulfill. The 'ideal' Social Bandit/Gangster must start his career by being the victim of some injustice, some persecution by authority. In the case of the Gangster, the very fact of having been raised and born in a ghetto fulfills this requirement. The injustice must be considered wrong not only by the victim but also by the people of his community. The second and possibly most important trait of the Social Bandit is that he "rights wrongs". He gives to the poor, having taken from the rich. He must kill only in moderation or self-defence. Having fulfilled all these conditions, those who manage to survive will be welcomed to his community to retire as an honoured and respected member.



BY THE COPS

Al Capone offended none of the peasant taboos of his childhood. He was always charitable, and could be seen to be a good family man who doted on his son. Very few of the people living in Chicago condemned Capone. Many of them had reason to be grateful to him. It was Al Capone who set up the first Free Food Programme for the Chicago unemployed. In at least one instance he paid for the medical treatment of a woman accidentally injured in one of the numerous attempts on his life. Many other stories told about 'good old Al' already have the stamp of folklore about them. For instance, the story of the decent but hard up hat-check girl who pleaded with Capone for a position in one of his brothels so that she could support her sick mother. Al, giving her 100 dollars, is reported to have said "Forget it. Not a nice girl like you." There were donations to orphanages, and in the hard Chicago winters the poor of Cicero (the district controlled by Capone) could draw all the groceries, clothing and fuel they needed from the coal



depots and department stores on the Capone account "It is the crimes of poor and powerless people that most enrage and frighten the affluent, comfortable and advantaged majority." (Crime in America by Ramsey Clark, ex-Attorney-General of the United States)

The line between the criminal and the 'straight Joe' was very narrow in those early days of Prohibition when the gangs were striving for top position. Anyone who believes the police are corrupt (and most Chicagoans knew that the police were corrupt) is going to have little faith in law and order. The Prohibition laws, like the present-day drug laws, only made the ordinary man in the street more certain to be involved with "crime". Repressive laws, designed to protect us from ourselves and particularly those involving citizens' pleasures, are bound to be repealed eventually. Unfortunately usually only after a great deal of misery and injustice.

"Police, however professional, can never hold the respect

of the people when they must endeavour to enforce laws that the public will not obey." (Crime in America)

We all have the gangster within us. We carry his lawlessness deep in our secret hearts. In America during Prohibition many "good" citizens still carried the idea of the Free West in their hearts. They dreamt of the frontier towns, of the riverboat gamblers, of the renowned whorehouse Madams bringing pleasure to all. Drinking was romantic and adventurous - the correct thing for an up-to-date young person to do. Consequently, unless Citizen Joe was himself directly touched or threatened by Gangland, the lurid tales of murder and shoot-outs that he read about over his morning tea and toast were simply more fuel to feed his cherished dream of the 'free man', daring all and gambling his very existence in impossible actions.

Yet most of us have a certain reverence for human life. We would like to be good, to be kind, to give to others. Therefore we prefer our gangsters to be gentlemen. If killers, then killers with a conscience, men who'd never harm a woman and are kind to animals. Many of these young men were actually seen by their communities as strong nationalists - people who would be missed.

When he died, Samuzzo Amatuna was only 26, yet he was widely mourned, his death being seen as an act of Irish aggression. In fact Amatuna, who was shot whilst having a shave and manicure, was another victim of revenge, killed by order of Hymie Weiss in retaliation for the killing of Dion O'Bannion. There was bitter resentment in the community at the Church's refusal to allow Amatuna a mass and burial in the Catholic cemetery.

Many of the so-called "good citizens" took the attitude that often the racket people were in fact morally sounder, certainly more honest about their intentions than the seemingly respectable men running Chicago in official positions. The killer Walter Stevens was quiet and decorous, caring for an invalid wife for 20 years. He adopted three daughters, and would permit them neither lipstick nor short skirts. He even went so far as to bowdlerize the classics before allowing his daughters to read them. He did not drink, or even smoke until he was 50. Yet Walter Stevens was certainly directly involved in at least 6 killings, his rate for a murder being 50 dollars, for a "roughing up" 20 dollars.

Another Gangster with a strange moral code was Dion O'Bannion, a man with noticeably bright blue eyes and the reputation of grinning even when he killed. O'Bannion carried 3 guns - one in his right trouser pocket, another under his left armpit, and the third in the left outside coat pocket. He was ambidextrous and, like a surprising number of Prohibition gangsters, disliked alcohol. O'Bannion was an expert florist, who divided humanity according to his ideas of "Right Guys" and "Wrong Guys". Once a choir boy, O'Bannion had one leg 4" shorter than the other. Being an expert florist proved quite a profitable sideline in those days of extravagant funerals.

At his own funeral, there were 26 lorryloads of flowers, worth an estimated 50,000 dollars. 20,000 people gathered in the street to follow the hearse and watch the funeral. O'Bannion lay in a 10,000 dollar coffin with solid silver and bronze double airtight walls and a thick plate glass top with heavily carved solid silver corner posts. His body rested on a white satin couch. A woman journalist wrote of "the graceful hands, which could finger an automatic so effectively".

The ostentatious and expensive funerals were all part of the

gangland mythology, along with the Sicilian "coup de grace", the mercy bullet in the brain. The Mafia "kiss of death" was the same, exchanged between members of an execution squad, and the no-shaving rule, with a few days' stubble to mark the sudden death of a friend.

These men were without hope, for although the rewards could be high, their end was almost certain - death in an alley or by a quiet roadside, or a more lingering death in jail. The gangster lived in uncertainty, expressing himself in daring crime. Needing attention and admiration, he had no home, no tranquility. Forever the adventurer, the eternal vagabond. Sexually anxious, yet sexually attractive to little lost girls longing to believe in something other than the father and home they had rejected. To the Gangster love was only sexual desire, and when this desire fades or the desired one leaves (or tries to), death may result. The moll dies by the hand of her dark lover. The great movie theme of the gangster who falls in love with the 'nice' girl may not be so far removed from the truth. By their very instability they are condemned to desire the very things they may never have. By their touch they destroy. The 'nice girl' who returns their love in turn becomes the Moll, and so their endless search goes on.

Guns are designed to kill. They are the ultimate male weapon. The beautiful provider of death. Superpowered and the phallic symbol of our time. The Gangster alone as always, walks his tightrope path of crime, ever on the lookout for hidden danger, yet reassured by that length of cold blue steel. The Equalizer. It is important that the Gangster dies well, that he defies to the bitter end all those forces of law and order he has a ways fought against. Again and again the dying gangster will refuse to incriminate his murderers. In a strange kind of way most gangsters show signs of possessing a real kind of bravery.

A typical dialogue is recorded as having taken place between Frank Gusenberg, the one (temporary) survivor of the St. Valentines Day Massacre and Sergeant Clarence Sweeney, a policeman who had known Gusenberg for a long time.

"They never gave you a chance Frank," said Sergeant Sweeney. "Who shot you?" "Nobody shot me," muttered Frank (rather inaccurately). "Which gang was it?" Gusenberg did not bother to reply and spoke only twice more before he died.

"... in all times and places the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men; love venerate, and bow down submissive before great men." (Thomas Carlyle - On Heroes and Hero Worship.)

Each time and era has its own heroes. In Chicago the amoral dangerous Gangster excited the imagination and often the admiration of the citizen. The flamboyant life style of the mobsters recognised no law but their own. They were out to shape destiny, not to submit to it.

Along with the Gambler and Cowboy, the Gangster is an American cultural hero. Capone and the others were folk heroes in their own time. In 1928 a boy from Indiana was arrested for vagrancy. He stated to the police that he made the journey "to see the brave guys who make monkeys out of you cops."

No wonder the great mass of the public were fascinated, the successful Gangster must have been a splendid sight to see. The well-dressed Gangster wore a pear grey felt hat with a black band (if he belonged to Capone's mob), a dark double-breasted suit and waistcoat with a white handkerchief, white shirt, striped tie and spats. They tended to like blondes and diamonds though not necessarily in that order. They might be seen relaxing

in the best seats at prize fights, wrestling matches and the theatre. But it was by no means an easy life, quite apart from the constant danger. Capone, at least, insisted on his men being in peak physical condition. At his Metropole Hotel Headquarters were two rooms equipped with punching bags, horizontal bars, rowing machines and other gymnastic equipment which he expected his "boys" to use regularly.

Prohibition must be the most broken law of all time. In 1925 Chicago (pop. 3 million) had 16,000 more arrests for drunkenness than England and Wales (40 million pop.). By 1932, 2,000 gangsters had been killed as well as 500 Prohibition agents.

In October 1931, Al Capone was sentenced to 11 years for tax evasion. In 1931 Mussolini had been dictator of Italy for 9 years, Stalin dictator of Russia for 7. In a few months Hitler would



become Chancellor of the Third Reich. For Al Capone and many other bootleggers it was the beginning of the end. According to the tax officers Al Capone had managed to amass a huge fortune of 20 million dollars. He was in effect the commander of a private army consisting of at least 700 men and an estimated 60% of Chicago's police force was on his payroll.

Tourist buses included his home in Cicero - "Capone Castle" and his city residence, the Metropole Hotel on their itineraries. To his favourites, Capone would give a diamond studded belt, politicians and business associates would receive ruby set gold cigarette cases.

When Al appeared at the North Western University Rally, 10,000 Boy Scouts set up a spontaneous cheer of "Good old Al!" But there were other opinions. Mike Meredith, a reporter for a Chicago newspaper, had this to say of Capone.

"Capone wasn't admired by people, but he was feared. General



MUD SLIDE SLIME

THE BICKERSHAW FESTIVAL IN PICTURES.
(By Captain Shapps and Edward)

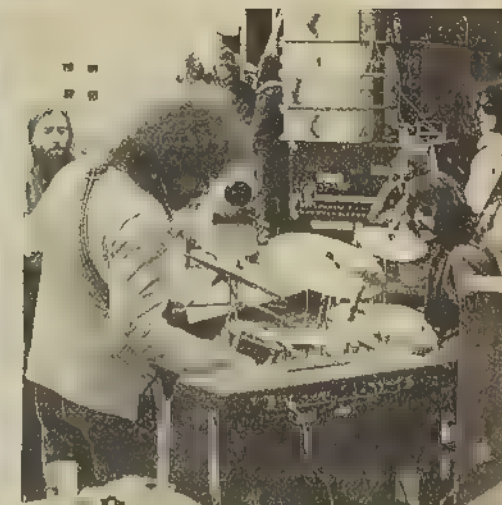
Three days of heavy rain turned the £120,000 Bickershaw Pop Festival into the world's most costly swamp. From the start, the entertainment was not paraded by Ian Knight and Huw Price, was of the highest quality while the organisation screwed tighter and tighter by the money men led by Wigan Market Harry (The Count) Bilkus, was of the most of the kind with jeep driving, club-wielding stewards chasing gate crashing hippies.



As finally the cloud broke to a spectacular sunset the GRATEFUL DEAD moved the event with a 6 hour epic set. L—R: DR. JOHN, who in the cold of Friday night brought the bayou to an East Lancs swamp; FLAMING GROOVIES who pulled off a spectacular disappointment on a Beefheart-hungry CROWD, at least half of whom were there for free



The audience of hippies and grease who pranced in the slime at the foot of the stage freaked to the extra delights of flame divers, high wire acts, and an air display. Second only to the Dead, CAPTAIN BEEFHEART's 4 a.m. Sunday spot was a high at this confused event



On stage tension peaked when NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE took over, with press & the lot getting flung bodily down the back stairs. They sounded fine & appeared lean and hungry, relishing the attentiveness of the audience. The Captain, Beefheart himself, and aggregation tore it up in grand style, leaving many mesmerised. COUNTRY JOE McDONALD (L) worked over the good people with his usual sing & chant along. He's seen here getting the news from a lass that his credit cards had just been stolen.

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DREAM MACHINE

LEARNING FROM THE VIETNAMESE



It comes as no surprise, reviewing the unique record of America's involvement in the Indo-Chinese conflict, to learn that the top Pentagon and State Department strategists in the Johnson and Nixon Administrations have been profoundly influenced by the behaviourist psychology of Dr. B.F. Skinner. It can certainly be presumed that the President's most intimate foreign affairs consultant, Dr. Henry Kissinger, became quite familiar with Skinnerian precepts and practices during his tenure at Harvard University, and it is clearly to Kissinger's credit that he perceived in the Indo-Chinese situation an appropriate and indispensable "laboratory" for experimentation in this new realm of psychological theory. That is, the eight year history of the Vietnam police action can be viewed in even broader terms than the struggle of American Democracy against Asiatic Communism; one can actually discern in it the first pioneering application of Skinnerian methodology on a significant human population.

Of course, while it has to be admitted now that America has lost the war, militarily in the broader perspective we have come out ahead. For unlike the Wehrmacht's so called "experiments" on its captive Jewish population — our experiments in Vietnam have without a doubt borne fruitful scientific results. In the Pentagon there must exist statistical files, for example, indicating the results of our novel "Urbanization Program", which has been in operation for years.

Briefly, the purpose of the "Urbanization Program" has been to relocate the rural population of Vietnam into closely-populated urban centers. The advantages of an urban population, in terms of re-programming, are manifold. A rural population, wide-spread and essentially neutral in respect to social organization, resists by its very nature attempts to re-program its individuals to a pattern of behavior that conforms to the interests of America. But a newly urbanized population, now, thrust into a high-stress environment and stunned by the disorienting effect of its sudden relocation, is highly manageable, and acutely receptive to new forms of planning intruded from outside. In other words, so long as the bulk of Vietnam's population consists of agrarian peasants, the Viet Cong will find a receptive population for its subversive, anti-American programs of land reform, representative government, community action and the like. Transplant these peasants suddenly into an urban environment, however, and the combined effects of poverty and culture shock should render them highly receptive to reprogramming to patterns of motivation and behavior more commensurate with the interests of American national security.

Accordingly, in order to provide a motivation for these people to move to the cities, we bomb their farms and



hamlets continually and severely so as to persuade them it is inadvisable to dwell there, and we simultaneously provide them with an alternative dwelling-place for the survivors, in the form of refugee camps and new city slums. This is surely one of the most exhilarating experiments yet attempted in the realm of behaviourist psychology, and only the unscientific, sentimental, romanticist preachments of self-styled bleeding-heart traitors in our midst, bellyaching about "freedom" and "dignity" and other superstitions, will thwart our courageous behaviourists in the pursuit of their research.

Unhappily preliminary results from our "Urbanization Program" have been inconclusive, and it seems improbable that the Red Communist tyrants of North Vietnam and their puppet forces in the Viet Cong will allow us to continue the program very much longer. However, surely enough data has been retrieved from this and other programs to allow us to consider employing behaviourist techniques in the effort to constructively re-program our own domestic populations.

A Few Modest Proposals.

It is Skinner's behaviourist theories, we are confident, that underlie the President's innovative approach to the Welfare problem. Now, in a technological society such as ours, there will always exist a certain percentage of persons unable to participate in the economic life of that society. Obviously it is desirable then, to eliminate as many of these persons as possible, lest, as the society becomes progressively more technological and the number of non-productives consequently grows significantly, they eventually become non-productive and a dangerously alienated power bloc.

The President's articulated response to this problem so far has been to force these people into participating in the economy by denying them Welfare funds until they do so. This he calls his "incentive program" and on very basic behaviourist grounds it makes excellent sense. Those who term it

"slave labour" are still labouring under the twin delusions of "human dignity" and "freedom" and can doubtless be easily dealt with at a later date. However, this is a rather primitive exercise of behaviourist theory, for the fact remains that an ever-increasing segment of the population will continue to be incapable of finding gainful employment in the American economy, for reasons of intelligence, age, education, Melanin pigmentation, illness or obsolescent humanistic orientation. In short, they will have to be eliminated sooner or later, and the time to strike is obviously now.

Taking his cue from the Vietnam Experiment, we suggest the President provide domestic Welfare recipients with a stronger motivation for obtaining productive employment. The object being, of course, not primarily to absorb them into the economy, but to remove them entirely from it by effecting their ultimate elimination. Consider first that Welfare recipients are extremely vulnerable to re-programming, dependent as they are on broad-scale Federal service agencies. Consider further the efficacy of the behaviourist "double-bind" syndrome at precipitating insanity, physical illness and even suicide in individuals subjected to it. We possess the power, in brief, to create a "double-bind" situation for virtually every Welfare recipient in the land. Why not utilize this power?

A more extreme negative motivation, we feel, is all that is required for the production of this "double-bind" syndrome in most, if not all, Welfare recipients. Simply enough, we appropriate their very bodies for the interests of the State.

Why not institute in each state a "Transplant Bank", along the lines of a blood bank, to which each Welfare recipient would be legally obliged to contribute his or her "spare parts"? To qualify for Welfare, that is, each applicant would have to donate, say, one kidney to his state's Transplant Bank. Or one eye, or one lung, or an arm or a leg or any other "spare part" with which the bi-lateral human body is

continued on page 44....

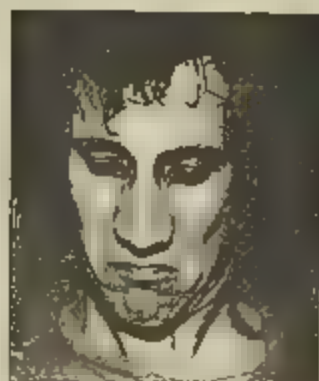
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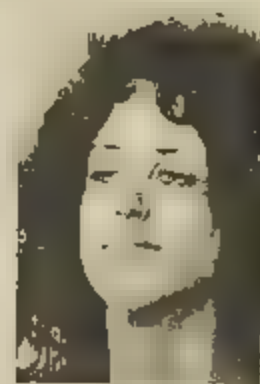
PETE TOWNSHEND 24



JIM MORRISON 26



PAUL McCARTNEY 27



GRACE SLICK 30



BOB DYLAN 28



JANIS JOPLIN 27



JOHN LENNON 29



JIMI HENDRIX 28



JOHNNY WINTER 26



ALVIN LEE 26



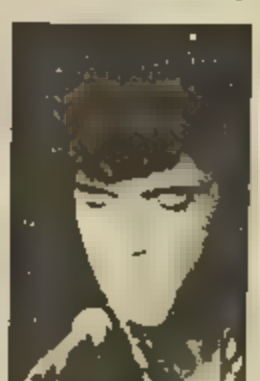
RAY DAVIES 25



JOHN MAYALL 36



MICK JAGGER 26



ELVIS PRESLEY 35



GEORGE HARRISON 27



RINGO STARR 29



CHARLIE WATTS 28



JIMMY PAGE 25



DAVE CROSBY 2

VIET- NAM

MILITARY.

The opening of the North Vietnamese offensive on Easter Sunday was, as usual, a surprise to everyone in timing, location and strength. Despite the rapid deterioration of the situation in Laos and Cambodia during March, the build-up of troops and material in and around South Vietnam which stimulated many predictions, the consensus was that an offensive need not be expected until after the next stage of the American withdrawal.

While many top U.S. security chiefs were off playing golf at the weekend the N.V.A. (North Vietnamese Army) launched three attacks on the south. In the North some 30,000 troops — the largest N.V.A. concentration since Khe Sanh (Jan. '68), struck across the D.M.Z. (De-Militarized Zone), aiming for the old Imperial capital of Hue. Opposing him was the shaky Army of the Republic of South Vietnam (A.R.V.N.) II Division. Simultaneously, NVA forces moved into the Central Highlands and to the North West of Saigon. In all, Giap (NVA commander) has deployed some 200,000 men.

The new offensive represents a return to the relatively conventional warfare which preceded the American intervention in 1965. Now that there are only some 7,000 U.S. combat troops in Vietnam, Giap is reverting to a type of warfare which can produce a clear victory over the South Vietnamese but which was impossible against the Americans. But while the NVA does not have to face US troops, who would have kicked the shit off them in this kind of fighting, the ersatz Americans of Vietnamisation have not done as well as day to day reporting might suggest. While the ARVN has yet to win any victories, the NVA's advance has not been all that spectacular. After five weeks during which the last of its thirteen divisions was committed and at least two pulled out because of casualties sustained, the NVA holds one provincial capital — Quang Tri, south of the DMZ, while two others, Kontum in Central South Vietnam, and An Loc, north of Saigon, are still holding out.

The NVA is clearly a better army than the ARVN, which is likely to prove the decisive argument which ends the Vietnam debate. But its superiority is not as clear cut as, say, that of the Israelis over their opponents.

Nevertheless, the NVA is moving on Hue, where it will encounter the ARVN 1st Div., reputedly the best, and Lt. Gen. Truong, one of the fighting generals who have recently been replacing Thieu's political bodies. In the Centre, Kontum's supply road has been cut, and the way seems clear for the NVA to advance to the coast. In the South, troops have been filtering round An Loc towards Saigon.

The biggest and bloodiest battles — for Saigon, Hue, and the Central Plain, have yet to come, and defeat in any of them could be decisive for the Thieu regime.

The details behind Nixon's breakdown as the humiliation of defeat swamps even his passion to be re-elected. Also an interview with an ex-Premier of South Vietnam that illustrates U.S. manipulation.

AMERICAN RESPONSE.

With about 100,000 men in the theatre (but only 8000 combat troops, including marines) the options open to the Americans are extremely limited and have a questionable relationship to the fighting on the ground. Their most obvious move was to use their available air power, since greatly strengthened. While B-52s bombed Haiphong and Hanoi, carrier based fighter bombers flew up to 500 sorties a day against Communist positions and supply lines.

The value of strategic bombing has long been questioned, one of its most outspoken critics, as the recently published National Security Study Memorandum No. 1 reveals, being the CIA. However, the tactical bombing has run into serious trouble. Giap appears to have negated the "law" that, since WWII, has dictated that conventional forces cannot be moved in the face of air superiority. He appears to have done this by a massive expansion of light anti-aircraft artillery and engineers, the former keeping US planes too high to be effective, the latter repairing any damage that does get done.

The action which has in fact been selected by Nixon is the blockading of North Vietnam — which, like the strategic bombing, is both a punitive measure and will eventually reduce the military potential of North Vietnam. But the blockade is no guarantee that the NVA will not win the war in this campaign, since Kissinger has intimated that the NVA can maintain operations at the present level for several weeks.

RUSSIA.

One crucial question raised by the blockade is the effect it will have on American-Soviet relations, specifically on the upcoming summit conference. In any case Nixon will hardly be able to visit Russia if the Russian-equipped NVA seems to be on the verge of destroying South Vietnam. But equally the Russians will not be able to receive him if there is any incident involving Russian shipping. However, since Brezhnev needs the summit as much, if not more, than Nixon, it seems possible that the blockade may be effective, as first signs indicate it will be. Since North Vietnam is totally dependent on Russian supplies, any interruption in the flow will be a very serious blow to them.

OPPOSITION.

Opposition to the war appears to have been very fragmented, largely because many Americans regard a straightforward invasion of South Vietnam by regular NVA forces as a reasonable pretext for the bombing. As indeed it is: the North Vietnamese must have assumed that the bombing would automatically follow the invasion and have regarded it as an acceptable consequence.



With the draft no longer getting their bells, the anti-war movement activities have lacked their old vigour. Possibly many former anti-war activists are feeling a little confused. Having rejected the official reasoning for the American presence in Indochina, to prevent North Vietnamese aggression against the South, the present invasion must be somewhat disconcerting. When did you last hear of the NLF?

VICTIMS.

With the end of the war in sight, the questions being asked are how much will the North Vietnamese gain, and how much the Americans lose. Few people seem concerned about the poor sodding Vietnamese. During the war America and Thieu's regime in South Vietnam were the targets of a, largely justified, campaign of criticism, while Ho took his place in the radical iconography. The shortcomings of the North Vietnamese have been either ignored or denied.

This seems to be a good opportunity to remember that North Vietnam is one of the few authentic Stalinist regimes left in the Communist world. Giap once accepted an estimate that North Vietnam had lost over a million people in the war with equanimity. Bernard Fall, no friend of the Americans, estimated the numbers who died during the collectivisation of agriculture in six figures, the ethnic composition of the Communist Party leaves much to be desired; the fate of the Northern Montagnards is well enough attested... One could multiply such examples. What they add up to is that North Vietnam is not a country that you or I would care to live in, given a choice.

For the South Vietnamese, there can be no victory. If the NVA is beaten they will still have Thieu, if it wins they'll get the Stalinists. Peace in Indochina may well, in retrospect, seem as horrible as war.

John Conquest.

TECHNIQUES — AN INTERVIEW WITH NGUYEN KHANH.

Paris—So many Presidents, Premiers, Vice-Presidents have been manufactured and disposed of in Vietnam with the help of US "advisors", that it is hard to even recollect their faces, much less their names. They have come and gone amidst much verbiage of free elections and many lofty US statements about allowing the Vietnamese to "decide for themselves". A kind of underground railway between Saigon and Paris has helped retire these men to harmless obscurity when their time was up. Beginning with the Emperor Bao Dai, and perhaps someday including Nguyen Van Thieu, they arrive in France to live off Swiss bank accounts cashiered from their homeland while they served their people. Exile has invariably led to excessive candor, previously absent.

continued page 44...

CHUCK BERRY San Francisco Dues (Chess)

This is Berry's second album since his return to Chess after an unproductive and wasted stay at Mercury. His first, appropriately titled "Back Home", relieved those who felt that Chuck had become just another rock'n'roller who had forgotten how to boogie, because it revived the direction, determination, dedication and conviction of a young Berry, straight out of the 1950s.

However "San Francisco Dues" seems to be at a half-way stage between the efforts at Mercury and on Chess. As an album it is not very impressive, but individual tracks are sometimes pleasing, which is to be expected of a man who has largely concentrated on the singles market.

As a whole the album is well produced by Berry, his backing group, with standout members Johnny Johnson, who plays a funky piano, and Jack Groendal on a chopping, plodding bass, brought forward enough by the mix to truly complement Berry who is at times only as good as his pickup group. Although their's is not a harsh, bitchy, ballsy type of rock'n' roll, it's self containment suits an aging Berry to the ground, anyway Chuck likes to shine at the front of his band, ask Steve Miller.

"Festival", virtually a list of groups at an outdoor event, has banal lyrics but a melody similar to the classic "Promised Land"; "Bordeaux in my Pirouette" a piss-take of Jambalaya is Chuck's attempt at swamp music but he should leave it to Creedence; and "Lonely Schooldays" a return to the love pangs of the adolescent teenager of the 50s, which is only notable for Chuck's involvement, in contrast to his earlier sarcasm. Even in a subject Berry has formerly excelled in, his lyrics are repetitive and suggest a drying up of talent.

The rest of the record is hard to take. "My Dream" (Berry talking over his own piano) and "Bound to Lose" are two pieces of typically American schmaltz. "Let's Do Our Thing Together" is amusing because it gives the impression that Chuck as a young teenager has just finished reading a hipster's phrase book and is impatient to put it to use at every possible opportunity. "San Francisco Dues" is a complete misnomer as Berry doesn't owe a thing to the West Coast scene at all, if anything the

reverse, the lacklustre performance by Berry confirming this. "Your Ruff" an instrumental over which Chuck does a heavy breathing act, and "Bound to Lose" another piece of American false sentiment, are only made acceptable by the presence of "Viva Rock And Roll" which sounds as if Berry is copying someone like Roger Miller parodying a Chuck Berry song!

In spite of all its faults, this album makes very easy listening and is excellent for parties and so on.

A word to Chuck's advantage. out of the rock'n'rollers of his generation he is the only one who really causes a stir, and deserves to, wherever he performs. Penniman's voice has gone, Jerry Lee Lewis is paunchy, Bo Diddley hasn't the same charisma, and Presley has moved his loyalties to the middle-aged straights.

And another thing, I cannot see the "Bopping Imp" Marc Bolan still bopping at forty, so there's to you, Chuck.

Nicholas Heron.

Great Western in Gloucestershire:
Saydisc SDL 220

Now all you ferrequinologists, stand up and be counted. This time the sounds are not on Argo (or even Marble Arch) but lil ol' Saydisc (hands up those who said 'Never 'eard of 'em)

Many of my friends think me a thing demented for liking steam train records. Call it frustrated boyhood dream, or the lure of the iron road, the romantic in me, even, but whatever, I give in. I'm just a sucker for a good bit of 'chuff-chuff'. And this is very good.

Having said that, I'll list the disadvantages. 1) It's in mono. 2) Often the snippets are cut and not faded, which is disturbing. 3) The sleeve notes are less than extensive. This is largely little engines at hard work, getting away from the plethora of fast expresses roaring past, whistles blaring, the like of which we've had so often lately. And the balance is well done between lineside and inside cab. Band 2, Side 1 is the high light, being the climb in entirety, from Coleford Junction to Coleford, three miles in length, with tight curves and sharp gradients. Recorded in the cab, as you might have gathered, this scores because of the continuity, and the human interest of the fireman's shovel hard at work, and the driver's comments. Band 3, Side 2, edited to simulate the Chalfont auto train is another gem. These two are worth the price of the LP

alone, which is new sounds from an area not well represented on record, and showing engines not too often recorded elsewhere. If you don't want to admit to your friends you like railways, sneak down to your local shop to get this.

Michael J.

Curved Air: Phantasmagoria.
Kinney K 46158.

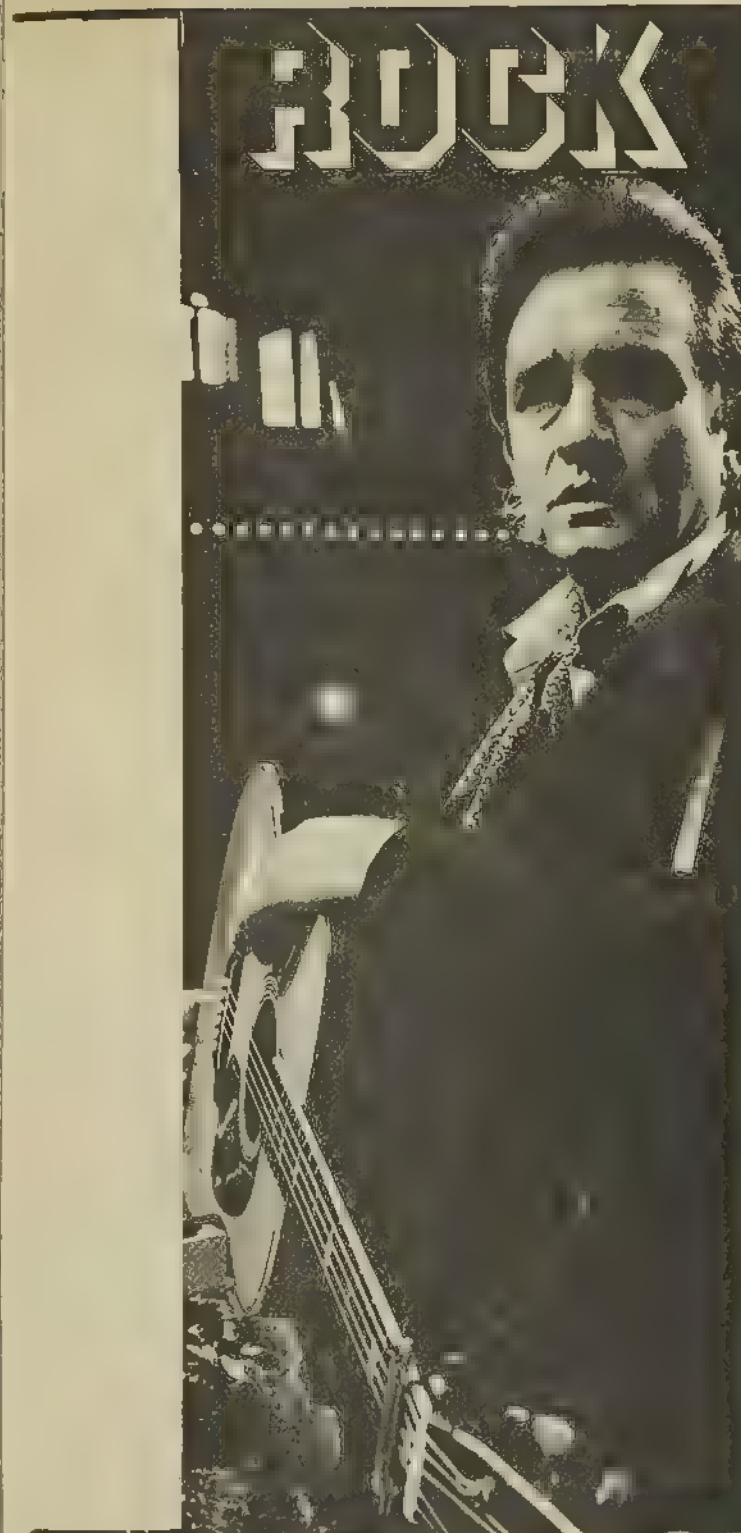
Athematic album falling smack on its face. The same quality as before, but lacking in body, and compared to before, in imagination. Sonja is not even trying to use her voice as before, here she is 'just singing'.

Michael J.

HOT TUNA
"Burgers".
(Grunt).

Of all the groups who came up in the West Coast Acid Explosion (or whatever) Jefferson Airplane have always given me something of a problem. Not a headache exactly but more of an inability on my part to sit and listen to any of their music for any length of time, the time it takes to play one of their albums, in fact. Something about them is always a little off-putting, an indefinable something.

I veered away having appreciated "White Rabbit" but little else. Missed out on "Crown of Creation" but came back for "Volunteers". Same reaction, went back to my Steve Miller albums. Attracted by the new label, Grunt, and its packaging — an honest reaction if nothing else — I tried "Bark". Same old thing, perhaps a little more fragmented and less of a group in a musical sense. By now, the individuals were making a stand, Slick with her pseudo superiority, Kantner spaced out and never coming back to earth, and a few songs which told little about Kaukonen, Cassidy and the others, or what they were in to. I quickly got rid of "Bark" and settled for Miller's inferior (relative to his work) "Hot Love" instead. I never gave a thought about Hot Tuna. My mistake. Kaukonen, Cassidy plus Papa John Creach from the Airplane are into making funky good-time music of a high calibre. With the addition of drummer, Sammy Piazza, in every sense here is a group at work. Whilst the band to show its paces. Some nice riffs from Kaukonen with buoyant accompaniment from Papa John. And so it continues through-



out the album, never boring, nice happy vibrant music for the most part, always given tight support from the rhythm section of Cassidy & Piazza. That's the way it is with this album, the best I've heard in months, guaranteed to give you a lift, it even beats Miller's latest. Oh, and adding to the merriment, one David Crosby who delivers some nice vocals on "Highway Song". Funny though, I still can't take Jefferson.

Bo.

JIM CAPALDI

"Oh How We Danced"
(Island).

Capaldi uses his first solo album as a foundation for experimenting.

He touches many different bases, from massive production numbers to an epic-length ballad with a message. His lyrics are obvious rather than intense, but the music's what gives this album a meaning.

Each set of musicians is directed to a specific end, with Capaldi, as co-producer, in control. As a result, different musical explorations are all successful and the album is a cohesive whole, the product of one driving force. Many of the album's best songs are done with the help of the Muscle Shoals Horns, a great injection of American raunch. They

provide groundwork for lead instruments in the hands of Winwood, Mason or Paul Kossof, producing a joyful exchange between lead and backing — one pushing the other, then being inspired in turn. The songs which emerge, like "Love is All you can Try" or "Open Your Heart" sound spontaneous and unaffected.

Jim Capaldi is not in training to become a superstar, though this album might land him up there. "Oh How We Danced" is, hopefully, an introduction to more from the man and his friends. Everyone seems glad of an opportunity to relax, play what they want, and not worry about who's getting star billing. Jim Capaldi's album may not be as important an "event" as a new Traffic release, but it's a lot of fun and that's what's important.

Just goes to show, let a drummer out from behind his monstrous bank of equipment and ya never know what'll happen.

Tony Goldstein.

The Hospital:

Director Arthur Hiller. Plaza from May 12

The publicity handouts tell you that if you enjoyed *M*A*S*H**, you'll really dig *The Hospital*. But all similarities end with this publicity.

In *M*A*S*H** Robert Altman managed to create a wealth of humour which in itself communicated the film's message.

Hiller, on the other hand, has created a messy hybrid in which one is forced to struggle with plot, satire, humour, a totally unsatisfactory experience.

In the end the indictment of the hospital system is watered down so as to be meaningless. George C. Scott sacrifices himself to the organisation, spurred on to this superhuman effort by the chaos which has been created by a revolutionary tenants' association.

*M*A*S*H** was a film born of protest against an inhuman system. *The Hospital* acknowledges that a certain inhumanity exists, and that the system has faults, but the film puts the blame fairly and squarely on the excessive demands which are made of the system. In the end it is the Black militants, the religious freaks and the drug addicts who, in Hiller's eyes, are the cause of the problem.

Some of the acting is very good.

George C. Scott as Doctor Brook is a powerful central character, he even remains believable after the bubble has burst.

The Hospital is a very depressing film. In the cinema one is forced to laugh a great deal, because one is protected from the world outside, and one's suspension of disbelief allows you to find sequences funny. And then you walk out into the street and a hundred thousand pins puncture your complacency and you puke.

THE GODFATHER.

"*The Godfather*" was a controversial film, almost from its inception. The Italian-American Civil Rights League protested the use of "Mafia" or "La Cosa Nostra", trying to perpetuate their myth that such a criminal organisation does not exist. All press, critics and television camera crews were barred from the set, fostering a lot of resentment by the media. Many people expected an expensive flop. But "*The God-*

father" is an overwhelming success. It is probably the finest gangster film ever made, and one of the most important movies of this, or any year.

In the title role, Marlon Brando plays the Don of a Mafia family, the Corleones. We begin Marlo Puzo's bestselling book in 1945, at the wedding of the Godfather's daughter. It is a long, carefully staged scene, setting the tone of the film. While his family awaits him outside, Brando takes care of business in his mansion, listening to the pleas for help from the pathetic neighbourhood characters like the undertaker. He knows they wouldn't spit on him unless they needed the muscle of his organisation, so he is very careful in consenting to give aid.

Slowly, carefully, each character in the story is introduced to us at the wedding. James Caan, a good young Beatty-type actor, plays Sonny Corleone, Brando's older, bullying son who is destined to take over the family someday. Al Pacino, who looks like Dustin Hoffman and acts as well, plays Michael, the younger, more introspective son. Eventually it is he who heads the Corleone family, gradually being brought into the world of guns and terror, although originally he wanted no such life.

Pacino not only takes over the family, but threatens to take over the firm. No actor alive can steal a film from Brando, but Pacino comes close. He changes from a quiet war hero, determined to stay out of Mafia affairs, into a brutal Don himself.

Robert Duvall heads a superb supporting cast. He plays the *consigliere*, counselor, a quiet lawyer not in the muscle end of the family. As Brando's adopted son, he travels to Hollywood to convince John Marley, a movie studio head, to hire Al Martino, a struggling singer. This

episode, as do so many in the film, ends brutally.

But it is Brando who towers over all the characters and events. His familiar voice is muffled by incredible makeup, and we see him age ten years, slowly, believably. His ways are the old ways of the Mafia, and they must change with the times. It is through Michael that he lives on, eventually becoming his son's *consigliere*. In one of the most incredible examples of Brando's remarkable acting craft, he spends the last minutes of his life cavorting with his grandson, making funny

faces, patting his forehead with a handkerchief like an old man, and dying in peace in his garden. It is an ironic end for a man whose life was devoted to brutality and murder.

Jeffrey Lyons.

NOTE TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM PEELING TOMS

**AND ALSO THEATRE...**

Over the past two weeks, Oval House has been presenting a *May Festival of Free Theatre* in four different halls/theatres in South London. The whole thing was staged for £1100 which was obtained from the Greater London Arts Association, Lambeth Borough Council and the Lambeth Arts and Recreation Association. Here are some reviews of the groups who performed for expenses at this festival.

The Moon is East, the Sun is West: The Tokio Kid Brothers.

Yet another offering from Oval House's Festival of Free Theatre, a rock musical in a class of its own. How I wished Peter Daubery of World Theatre Season fame had the sense to see this.

Having been unfortunate enough to have to sit through Hair a few weeks



ago, Tokio Kid Brothers were like oxygen to a suffocating man. Most of the performance is in English, though not all of it is understandable. Sometimes when the emotional intensity gets too much for them, the performers lapse into Japanese. Not that it matters a shit. The whole production with its movement, songs and excellent music is self-sufficient. The words are very beautiful, but they are a luxury.

Yamaha organs and motorcycles mingle to produce crescendoes of sound; as the smoke recedes, a baby sits alone in the middle of thousands of confetti-type yellow paper pieces. Laughter, tears and above all, a spontaneous joy of living flow all over the theatre. The body becomes strangely alive, and you change your identity with the performers as they live out their tragedy; the conflict of two cultures, East and West.

Somehow all the protagonists manage to transcend the very barriers which they portray. Their bodies, their minds reach up towards a utopian dream and drag you with them.

Far fucking out. Seek out the Tokio Kid Brothers and you shall find elation and peace. They can only be GOOD for your head.

Gogol's Diary of a Madman: Victor Henry.

There are many possible pitfalls in a one man show. Its main enemy is boredom, due to the fact that the spectator has to accept a small amount of movement, and the presence of only one character. Many one-man shows resort to comedy and mimicry as methods of obtaining audience attention.

Victor Henry's performance needs no crutch. Because the progression of the character's madness is so accurately and finely drawn that the audience witnesses not one but a multitude of characters creating the theatrical illusion. One is drawn into the madman's world, inexorably, helplessly even. The line which separates the shaven-headed King of Spain from us, the sadomasochistic audience is incredibly fragile.

And it is this frailty which makes Victor Henry's character so mesmerising. Unable to resolve the conflict between his desires and his reality, he forges himself a new reality. But now it is his new reality and the world's strict code of realism which join in battle, and the madman, having escaped his own insecurity, finds that the world's insecurity is chipping away at his new-found truth.

Bob Dylan, An Intimate Biography by Anthony Scaduto. Grosset & Dunlap, \$7.95.

Now it's quite fashionable to bring out the corpses of the sixties and put them on display, the bodies of the corpus rockandrollus. Anthony Scaduto's *Bob Dylan* is in many ways a continuing sort of obituary of the Howard Hughes of counter-culture. Dylan the magician, Dylan the introverted self seeking raving genius/poet/crazy all collide. Having surrendered to the void, he has ceased to be an anticipated item. He can no longer mystify anyone except by inventing reasons for his name to appear in scurrilous rock 'n' roll papers. And this was the dol?

Anthony Scaduto has tried valiantly to be objective in dealing with Bob Dylan the myth and

Robert Zimmerman the man, though increasingly one becomes aware that the two are often interchangeable. The book covers Dylan/Zimmerman from birth through the quasi-present, though the closer Scaduto gets to the present the more sketchy his narrative. He nails his quarry within the first few pages, though stray enigmas wriggle out every so often. After 1968 nothing is revealed, and basically that's the crucial period which many people are still interested in.

It's funny how it fits together. Scaduto has done an excellent job piecing together the master's paranoia. One reads with interest of Dylan's early student days and how he chose to view his life and shape his own myth. Most knew him as a Zimmerman anyway. He may have been able to hide for a few years, but certainly by 1965 many music people and folk enthusiasts knew Zimmerman for what he was and cared less. It was what he sang not who he was that mattered most.

Maybe it's the paranoia of being famous or wanting to be that did it, but throughout the book one sees Dylan's ambivalence about himself and his roles as reflected in how other people viewed him. No body really saw his thoughtdreams except Suze Rotolo and she left after a while when he refused to let her grow as he had done. *Bob Dylan* is illuminating not only because Dylan actually made it to the upper reaches of fame-space, but because Scaduto did such a fine objective job of keeping his own views disguised. (His vision compares unfavorably with Toby Thompson's gushy epistle of teenaged senti-

mentality.) The author demystifies the subject by de-emotionalizing himself.

Biography is a strange literary discipline anyway. Try it sometime, experiment with different voices, pick a suitable subject, research... then edit the hell out of it. Try to identify with the author. Scaduto had to make certain choices early in his manuscript; he couldn't be horns-woggled and wasn't. He has tales, not printed of course, of Dylan's ambivalencies, his inconsistent behavior, his prevarications, and his family life. All rightly outside the realm of public inquiry. Maybe Dylan should have written his own book first and then he'd have been sure to remain an enigma, but then there's the neat little question of the lies one tells oneself after the battle's over and fame is within one's grasp. There's also that problem of the lies one believes regardless of their origin.

Scaduto captures vividly if dryly the excitement and activity of the early days in Minneapolis as well as those first public celebrations of generational consciousness with Dylan the priest. He portrays Dylan as frenzied and manic in his middle years, encompassing *Bringing It All Back Home* through *Blonde on Blonde*; while Dylan's later period comes off as placid and reflective. The book would make a good companion volume to his records.

David Walley

An Essay on Liberation, by Herbert Marcuse. Published by Penguin Books 20p.

Sex displaces aggression, says Marcuse, who speculates on a "biological foundation for socialism". From this basis arise new ways in which the body feels and perceives, a new sensibility, in fact, which Marcuse finds in the funky cultures of the disaffiliated young, the disadvantaged blacks, and the dissident students.

He finds these groups, together with the Third World, much more likely to be opponents of the system than the working class which, for the time being at least, is committed to the consumer society. He sees the workers as slaving at boring or unnecessary jobs, in order to consume things they wouldn't want were it not for the advertising of the profiteers. His alternative is less consumption, more free time, and more human solidarity.

Partly because of his indigestible style, his many and complex ideas need careful chewing over before

swallowing or spitting out as reason distates. But he's worth getting your teeth into because, apart from his shying away of the mystical/drug side of counter-cultural thought, this book indicates just how central to hippie ideology Marcuse is.

Patrick Newman.

The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman by Angela Carter. Published by Rupert Hart-Davis £1.95.

If you've ever dabbled in magic or felt that you could conjure things up purely by the energy of your will or desire, "The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman" by Angela Carter will be more for you than just another sci-fi adventure into fantasy. For this book carries that whole concept into everyday life in the shape of the magician Doctor Hoffman and his practices. His main principle is that "every thing it is possible to imagine can also exist", and he carries this out by dredging up matter from the desires of the unconscious. A whole city becomes his target in this war against reason and every single element in that city is set into a state of mutability so that nothing, whether it is human or object, remains static. With the hero, Desiderio, we travel across time (which no longer exists) into incredible places (which exist only as a manifestation of unconscious desire - eroto energy) where we meet the river people with their strange ways, the wandering circus whose team of acrobats juggle with their own eyes and severed heads, and perform a ritual of buggery with out hero which in turn produces an earthquake of gigantic proportions. And so on to an island of cannibals with the 'Count' who longs to eat the sun alive, to the land of the centaurs where they sing hymns and psalms to a god who reveals himself to them in the shape of their own horse shit. But, however great the Doctor's powers may be, he turns out to be a rather bored fascist—so intent on liberating man from reason that he forgets what man's desires really are. Now that's a difficult question to answer—but what a fantastic problem to be faced with!

Frances

The Family: The Story of Charlie Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion. By Ed Sanders.

During and after the Manson trial, the media had a long drool on the

BOOKS



sex-fiend satanist, hippy butcher theme. "The People" ran their *Satan's Slaves* feature, based, I think, on interviews with Patricia Krenwinkel, and the other females in the Manson family. I read the Rolling Stone on Manson with a mixture of reverence and awe; Manson? Son of Man? A super charismatic communitarian with a penchant for cutlery and blood? The belief in Man's Total Soul and the consequent indifference toward the reversion of a couple back to the Astral Plane? It all seemed pretty bloody close up, but he did have something... surely???

Prison Guard to Manson: "You know you ain't never going to get out of here alive."

Manson (looking around him). "Out of where?"

One tasteless minority even declared 1969 the Year of the Fork. Nice people. Most of us tottered uncertainly between reverence for Manson the Acid Christ and disgust with Manson the Death Cultist.

Ed Sanders sorts us out. Charles Manson was a nasty fucker—yes, he could play guitar and he did screw a lot, but he was directly responsible for the deaths of at least 8 people in an utterly sadistic manner, as well as more mundane and less newsworthy brutalities.

Sanders spent eighteen months collecting information to write "The Family" and although he admits that it's not the definitive book on the Manson murders, it does give us a disturbing look at Manson's growth, if that's the right word, from a quite unremarkable petty criminal into an Armageddon theorist, twisting Beatle lyrics into a necrophiliac's instruction manual, from a habitual car thief into the malevolently charismatic psychedelic Fuhrer of a group of submissive, zomboid females.

The story starts with a condensed account of Charlie's smaller crimes, car theft, pimping, cheque forgery, parole violation—real beginners stuff. He was released in 1967, went to Los Angeles, made some lady friends and stayed there until the squalid decline of Haight Ashbury drove our hero plus entourage out on the arid California desert roads. He drove aimlessly around, cadging money, making new converts and trying to get his songs recorded. He struck up acquaintances with local celebrities too, John Phillips, Mama Cass and in particular Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, who recorded one of his songs on



A LUMBERJACKS PIE (You'll Like It).

2 Lge tins baked beans
1 lb spam (luncheon meat)
(not sliced, but in one solid lump)
3 lbs potatoes

Peel and boil, then mash potatoes, cut solid lump of spam into meaty chunks, warm baked beans and chunks of spam in saucepan. (Not to boil). Pour the mixture into casserole dish. Cover with mash potato and bake in oven at any temperature you like.
(A genuine pud recipe) yum yum.
Boss

COOLING DRINKS

A cooling drink can not only be thirst-quenching and appetising but also extremely healthful. In order to quench thirst the drink should not be too cold and should be sipped slowly rather than swallowed all at once. The foundation of many drinks is simple syrup, or syrup made from different kinds of fruit. With a plentiful supply of these and a soda syphon a nice drink can be quickly prepared at a moments notice.

SIMPLE SYRUP

Mix together in a basin a quart of clear cold water and 3 lbs of sugar, stir till every particle of sugar is dissolved; no heating is required. Strain through a piece of muslin or cheesecloth which has been dipped in cold water. Place a funnel in a bottle with this tied over it and the syrup can be easily poured through into the bottle where it is to be stored. The juice of half or a whole lemon, if small, squeezed into a tumbler, sweetened to taste with this syrup, and filled up with plain

or soda water is a useful drink (for one or two persons. The syrup if kept in well-corked bottles will be good for a long time, even in the most trying hot weather.

ICED TEA AND COFFEE

Both tea and coffee are very refreshing and slightly stimulating on a hot day, particularly if iced. To ice tea, make it fairly strong with a tsp. of tea to $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of boiling water; when it has drawn for 5 min., pour it off into a jug, sweeten to taste and stand in a refrigerator for 6 hours. If there is no 'fridge, cover top of jug and wrap it all round with a wet flanne, standing it in a cool larder or cellar. Serve in glasses with or without a small lump of ice. No milk or cream must be added.

For coffee allow a level tabsp. of ground coffee to $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of water, tie it in a bit of muslin, and boil in the water about $\frac{3}{4}$ n hour; if it is then too strong for some tastes, add a little more water. If sweet coffee is liked stir in about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pint of boiled milk to each quart, a little cream is also an improvement; then cool in the same way as for iced tea

GINGER BEER

This is a simple recipe requiring no fermentation. The ingredients are 1 lb sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz of root ginger, beaten small with a hammer, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz of citric acid, the juice of a lemon, 1 oz of honey and $1\frac{1}{2}$ gall of water. Boil the giner in half the water for

$\frac{1}{2}$ n hour; while still hot, stir in the remainder of the ingredients, and when well mixed, strain into a suitable vessel to cool. When quite cold beat up the $\frac{1}{4}$ of a white of egg with a small tsp. of lemon essence and stir in, then leave for 4 days, when it may be bottled for use

RHUBARB DRINK

Wash and scrape 12 stalks of fine rhubarb, cut them in inch lengths, and sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, flavour, if liked, with a tsp. of essence of ginger and 6 drops of essence of bitter almonds.

COKOS

This is said to be a very sustaining drink for those who work in the fields. Mix together 6 oz each of fine oatmeal and sugar, with 4 oz of cocoa, make it into a thin batter with $\frac{1}{2}$ pt of cold water. Pour over a gallon of boiling water, and when cool it is ready to take into the field in a stone jug.

BARLEY WATER

Wash an oz of pearl barley and put it with a little cold water in a saucepan, bring to boiling point, then strain and throw away the water; this will thoroughly cleanse the barley.

Now add a $\frac{1}{4}$ of fresh water, and boil gently the best part of an hour. Should the water waste much during the cooking, add more; there ought to be a quart when finished and strained. Flavour when nearly cold and sweeten to taste. A nice flavouring is the strained juice of a small lemon, with 6 drops of lemon essence.

KRUNCH



Mostly news on the home front this issue..

First and foremost there is going to be another Comics Convention! This time it's staged by Nick Landau and friends, and like the last one it'll be held at the Waverley Hotel in Southampton Row, where the whole of the basement-situated Gloucester Suite will be given over to the event. Activities begin around 2pm on Saturday August 5th and will continue virtually non-stop until late Sunday night. Details are by no means finalised yet — the idea itself was only conceived a couple of days prior to my writing this but it is definitely ON — and Nick is still in the process of sorting it all out. However, he was able to give me these few details —

Like the last convention it will be run in pretty much the same successful manner with lectures, displays and, of course, some more old movie serials getting a rare showing. Undoubtedly the biggest attraction will be the auction — so come early if you hope to purchase anything you've been hunting for. In addition to all this, hopefully some really interesting foreign animated material that so far has had no outlet in this country will get a screening. Nick is also anxious to get in touch with anyone out there who possesses relevant 16mm material (soundtrack as well) in the hope that a few gems (such as the Captain Marvel serial, hint-hint) will be uncovered and consequently be given a showing. In return, anybody who can oblige with such material will be given free admission and subjected to various other treats and delights. For those of you who cannot help and would still like to come, tickets will cost you a fair and reasonable £1 (for 2 days, 75p one day) and can be obtained from, Nick Landau, c/o 10 Ladbroke Walk, London W11, or alternatively from Dark They Were and Golden-Eyed, 10 Berwick Street, London W1. In the meantime, I hope to give you complete programme details next ish.

Some more news involving Nick Landau. Alan Austin who has been editing *Comic Catalogue* for the first four issues, has now relinquished his seat to move on elsewhere. In his place steps Richard Burton (who wrote in last ish) and — you're absolutely right — Nick Landau at

the helm. Starting with the next ish — available in early June — *Comic Catalogue*, under its new leader leadership will contain less ads but more — considerably more — information, news reviews, articles and interviews amongst its fifty pages; concentrating mainly on American material (whereas Nick's other venture, the much more infrequent and sophisticated *Comix Media* will continue its policy of giving coverage to British material and other more obscure stuff). Eventually, if there's enough support, Nick and Richard hope to evolve *Comic Catalogue* into a more professional production with better printing facilities etc. Good luck you guys! Oh, and for those wondering what Alan is planning next, I hear he's about to launch another mag — this time devoted more or less entirely to ads.

As you may have read elsewhere, Mickey & Minnie Mouse have won their suit against *Air Pirate Funnies* and their 'underground' publisher, *Hell Comix*, charging copyright and trademark infringement, by portraying "well known Disney characters in a lewd, degrading and offensive manner"! Which means they're balling, something far from the Disney imagination

Apart from that, there's very little news from the States for this issue, so instead I'll use the space to bring a certain little book to your attention, a must for all comic fanatics. Called *All In Colour For a Dime*, it's a neat paperback edited by Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson and published by Ace Books. Containing much information which won't necessarily have reached you before, this nostalgic book consists of several chapters each written by a fan recalling the golden age of comics, the fabulous forties. Particularly absorbing is the text devoted to Fawcett Publications which gives a most valuable and informative history on the 'Big Red Cheese' himself — Captain Marvel! Also, you'll find sixteen colour plates featuring rare front covers. I don't know how easy it is to obtain the book, but once again a plug to Bram at *Dark They Were...* who so kindly supplied me with my copy (He's got a few more, too — so hurry while stocks last!)

That's all folks, until next ish, so keep looking!

Bo.

VIETNAM

Continued from page 35.

With little else to do, they often grant interviews. But because these men have no longer had the trappings of power, few have bothered to notice what they said.

Nguyen Khanh is the portly, goateed General who in 1964 followed Big Minh (successor to Ngo Dinh Diem), and was followed in his own turn by Nguyen Xuan Oanh (who in dizzying succession was then followed by Premier Tran Van Huong). In a recent interview with the German magazine *Stern*, Khanh recalled how he became Chief of State, and speculated on possibilities for peace in Vietnam.

Q: General, is the South Vietnamese President really a mere puppet of the United States?

Khanh: I have never told anyone how I became Chief of State. If I tell you now, it will indirectly answer your question.

As commander of the 1st Army Corps in Da Nang I had a US advisor with me, Colonel Wilson. On 30 January 1964 Wilson told me a coup d'état was planned in Saigon and that I was to become President. I could not believe this and sent Wilson to Saigon to investigate the situation. In the event the rumor was true Wilson was to call me and say, "The resistance action for the Montagnards (South Vietnamese Mountain tribes) can be started."

At 1400 hours Wilson gave the cue from Saigon. I arrived in Saigon at 1800 hours, with three men. The Americans had already arranged everything. The official junta under Duong Van Minh was declared deposed. On 8 February 1964 I took over as Premier.

Q: Why did the Americans pick you, of all people?

Khanh: That I do not know exactly. I suppose because I am a "Cochin-chinois", a man from the delta. The people from the Mekong Delta are considered anti-North Vietnamese. The Americans believed they found in me a relentless fighter against Ho Chi Minh.

Q: But this was not said openly?

Khanh: No. On the morning of the day I took power I was to give reporters at my first press conference a reason for the coup d'état. I could hardly tell them the truth. This is why I said that I wanted to restore the unity of the army and get the nation solidly behind me. In fact, I tried this afterwards, with the inclusion of the National Liberation Front.

Q: But the Americans did not want to go that far?

Khanh: This is why I was only their "good boy" for a few months. At the time, as President, I maintained constant contact with the Americans. Ambassadors Cabot Lodge and Maxwell Taylor—who came to Saigon in mid-1964—visited me nearly every day. To the Americans, the people of the National Liberation Front were "the communists", nothing else. To me they were not communists, but revolutionaries. I wanted to make peace in 1965. I wanted to prevent the Americanization of the war. I said this time and again to Cabot Lodge and Maxwell Taylor. And this ultimately broke my neck. In mid-February of 1965 I was overthrown by the Americans and sent off as "special envoy" abroad.

Q: Why were you later deprived of the status of special envoy?

Khanh: In late 1965 I talked with UN Secretary U Thant in New York. I told him that I wanted to do everything to make peace with the National Liberation Front. That was when I lost my job.

Q: Would you participate in a government in which the National Liberation Front shares?

Khanh: Yes, if I am called.

Q: Before that you will not return to South Vietnam?

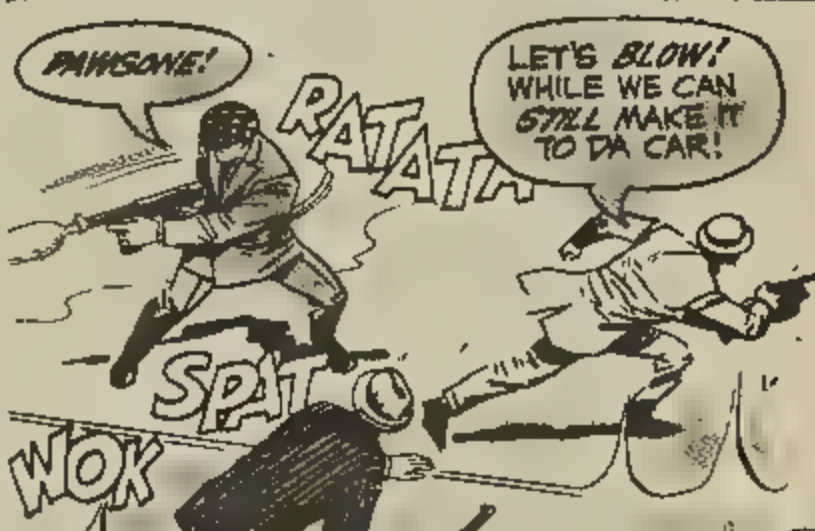
Khanh: No, until then I am counting my days in exile. On 30, January 1972 it was the 2,530th day. To bridge the time I opened a restaurant in Paris. I would rather sell soup than the Vietnamese people.

—PNS

DREAM MACHINE

Continued from page 33.

so abundantly supplied. These organs could be stored in liquid nitrogen, to be drawn upon by the more productive members of society as they happen to require them. Modern transplant surgery is certainly capable of utilizing such a reservoir of organs, but more significant, in the long run, would be the emotional effects on a Welfare recipient of such a regimen. The prospect of spending one's life divested of half one's body — and the only other alternative being the obtaining of unobtainable employment — would certainly precipitate a great number of Welfare recipients into suicidal "despair", and thus ultimately eliminate them. And if the Welfare recipient's generative organs were included in the "transplant Bank" requirements — although to be sure few of them would ever be requested — this would assuredly provide for the effective elimination of this unnecessary and terogressive population bloc.



GANGSTERS

Continued from page 25

feeling was that we'd got prohibition, so we got him. He was always well dressed but there was nothing glamorous about his appearance. He was a pudgy, greasy, lousy low-life son of a bitch. But the hoods never bothered anyone who didn't bother them. At least that didn't go for girls with Capone. He didn't drink much — just a little beer or wine — but he sure liked women, always chasing them. And especially little girls, 13 or 14."

So there we have it. Hero or Devil? Of all 20th Century phenomena the Gangster must surely stand high in the list of fascinating people. There are incredibly graphic images of this time that remain to us, like the Gangsters Scalise and Anselmi rubbing the r bullets with garlic in order to increase the likelihood of gangrene infection in any of their victims who managed to survive. There's the picture of the early jazz musicians continuing to play through gun battles. There's the cruelty and the courage and above all a feeling of living life to its fullest, even if that life was almost bound to be short.

A Gangster's average life expectancy was 28 years

Joy Farren.

community



WHITE LIGHT:

A non-profit making employment agency has been started in Tufnell Park with a pool of workers able to do jobs for expenses only. They need enough money to pay basic expenses and bills, so that they can provide a free service for needy people — especially old age pensioners. They will also be providing a 24 hour free information service. Contact Keith Grayson, White Light Holding Co., 119 Chetwynd Road, London NW5. Tel. 267 0133/4.

RIB.

Their last jumble sale made £35, so now they're hoping to hold one every month. Still in need of more clothes, furniture, crashpads and someone to run coffee room/health food centre. Legal, medical, social and general information. 58 Charles St.

Cardiff. Tel Cardiff 44441. Mon-Sat, 10 am - 10 pm. Sun, 12-8 pm.

BIRMINGHAM ARTS CO-OPERATIVE:

A nucleus of musicians have got together to promote "advanced, experimental and uncompromising adventures in art". Basically, they are independent but they hope to establish contact with the Arts Council and Musicians Union etc. They hope to hold a concert towards the end of May, venue unknown, but in Birmingham. 10, McKean Road, Oldbury, Warley Worcs. 9, The Hawthorns, Woodbridge Road, Birmingham 13.

ALL SAINTS' COLLECTIVE:

Recently formed and aimed at as wide a field of revolutionary activity as possible. They need militant activists who are prepared to work full-

time in the community. Female activists especially welcome. 53a, Portland Road, Radford, Notts.

COTTAGE INDUSTRY.

Brian Goodman informs us that he is hoping to open a small shop in the front of his cottage, selling mags, pottery, incense, jewellery, leather work, candles and clothes. Anyone interested in selling their home-made goodies, contact him at... 433 Kingstanding Road, Birmingham B44 9SA.

FREE FOOD.

Community Food Service is being started to give free or cheaper food to the people. They need people willing to give food and ideas. Also a distribution centre or shop where food can be collected. They need financial backing to keep it going. Ideas to Jenny, 1a Cromwell Ave, Highgate, N6.

WE DARE YOU TO LISTEN TO THIS RECORD...

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So the Family grew, under Charlie's guidance, developing rituals of submission to him, and absorbing his grotesque vision of the future based on the enslavement of white races by the blacks, and of his role in that plan as the Negotiator, the only fit representative of the white races. It was with this sunny prospect in mind that Charlie and family accumulated stores, arms and a fleet of beach buggies in Death Valley, California.

And the murder of Sharon Tate & friends? Quite simple: it was merely Charles' anticipation of the carnage to come, when the niggers would start winning for a change. George Harrison provided the lyrics, and the Tates' opulent home a fittingly decadent setting for the initial celebration, the slaughter of the first piggies.

Yet despite the thoroughness with which Sanders has examined the case, despite even his admitted omissions; there's a lot missing which we ought to know. We hear nothing of Charlie before 1955, and it's little use knowing what he did without some idea of why he did it, however difficult that might be to assess. We know about the adult Manson, institutionalised by constant prison sentences, Sanders tells us of the other Californian necrophiliac groups, the Snuff Movie moguls, the 'drinkers of dogs' blood and the video bugger crowd', who probably influenced him, but what about Kid Charlie? Did he torture the pussy or not? Similarly, what we realise of the infamous Manson charisma is only seen through the behaviour of his sycophants, you never *feel* Manson's power, only see it working.

Sander's writing too is patchy. His informal documentary style is readable

"... Abigail Folger lay reading alone. She looked up, she saw Sadie, and Abigail waved. Waved and smiled, and Sadie smiled back and walked away. Hi, death." when not irritating. And his concluding paragraph is inexcusably melodramatic.

But maybe I'm fussy. Perhaps rightly so: the hardback edition costs £2.50. So if you're that keen, press your local library and cross your fingers.

Brian Montague.

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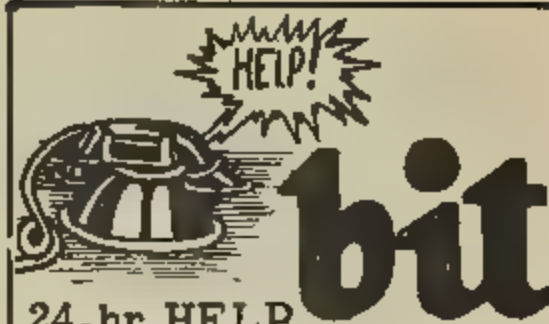
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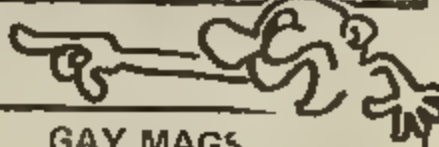
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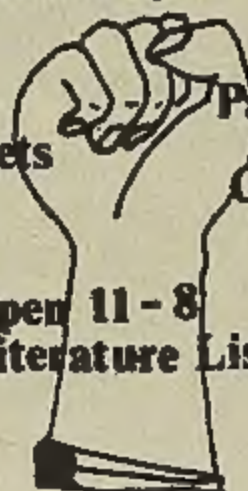
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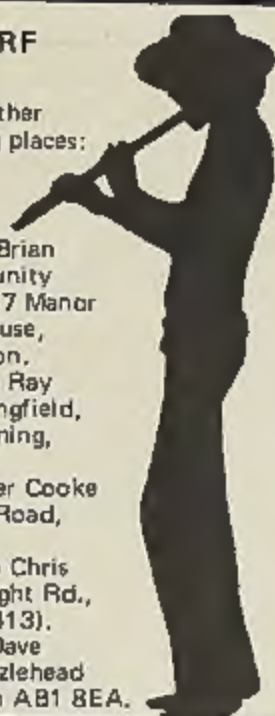
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